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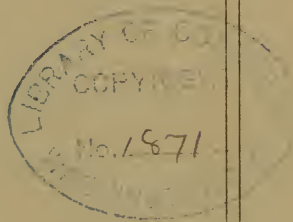
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Blowing bubbles.

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BOYS' AND GIRLS'
SCRAP-BOOK.


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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Boys and Bubbles.....	9
Edward Colton.....	19
The Mother's Last Lesson	27
Behaviour at Church	31
The Stage Driver.....	32
Nothing Lost by Civility	37
Letter from China	38
A Child Invited to Jesus	44
Come to Jesus.....	45
A Beautiful Story.....	46
The Strength of a Kind Word.....	49
I'm not too Young	50
The Almond Blossom	50
Hymn.....	52
God is with Me.....	52
Be Honest to Every One	53
The One Cherished Sin.....	58
Phoebe and the Plums	59
A Little Thing	61
Mother, sing Jerusalem !.....	63
A Little Boy's Faith.....	64
The Missionary Bridge	65
Louis Philippe	67

	PAGE
A Boy Instructing a Man of Seventy.....	69
Prayer.....	70
What is Benevolence.....	71
Trust God and do Good	77
Margaret.....	79
A Word to Little Girls.....	81
Autumn Leaves.....	82
The Way-Side Flower.....	84
Bread on the Waters	85
Keep Trying	86
The Boys and the Mayor	86
How to be Great.....	88
Make Yourself.....	90
The Well-ordered Household.....	92
To-Day and To-Morrow.....	100
Fireside Story about Honesty.....	101
James B. Jones.....	104
An Odd Thought.....	106
Only One Brick after Another.....	107
The Call.....	108
The Forgiving School-Boy.....	109
The Tree that Never Fades.....	110
Only this Once	111
Be Kind to your Mother	113
Youthful Piety.....	116
Example for Boys.....	117

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
The Small Plants and Little Children	118
The Boys and the Ball.....	119
James Simpson	120
Advice to Children	124
The Green Pastures	125
My Mother.....	126
The Twin Daughters	127
The Boy and his Angel	129
They Shall not Blush for their Father	133
Reverence for Age	135
Honour thy Father and thy Mother.....	136
The Heavenly Lamb.....	139
Lilly in the Sulks	143
Early to Bed and Early to Rise.....	148
The Crocodile	149
President Polk at College	154
Two Stories of the Blind.....	156
The Young Soldier.....	161
Common Mercies	162
The Broken Glass.....	163
I will Try	167
The Miser's Daughter	168
Elder Withers' Young Folks.....	169
Am I my Brother's Keeper?	173
Letter to a Little Girl	174
Hard Reading.....	178

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCRAP-BOOK.

BOYS AND BUBBLES.

Bright, beautiful,—and it burst !

THE mother looked on with half sad, half pleased emotions as the children were blowing bubbles on the floor. They were her only children. A little infant had been taken from her a few weeks before. The kind Shepherd had a place for it in his safe and pleasant fold, and he removed it thither. She was disappointed, but she did not murmur. There were duties to other children which she could not neglect, and to enter into their joys and sympathize with their little griefs was not one of the least of these duties.

Charley was great at blowing soap-bubbles. Some boys have a knack for the business, and others blow away, hour after hour, with very poor success. But our little friend would take his bowl of water, rub the soap in it, beat it up well, so that the little bubbles stood all over the

top of it, and then dipping up a little of the foam in the new pipe that he had bought for the purpose, he clapped it to his mouth with the air of a man who is about to fill a balloon. Gently he breathes into it, and the film rises and widens. The thin globe expands. The sunlight falls on it, and the walls and windows are reflected from its brilliant sides. Larger and larger it grows. Gently! Charley, gently! His left hand rises, as if he feared it would break if he did not steady it. Mary holds her breath, and looks on with silent wonder and delight! Larger and larger! Dear me, how beautiful, how big, how bright—and—there! it bursts into thin air, and is gone for ever!

They were only bubbles. But there was fun in seeing them grow. There was fun in making them. Charley loved to make them, and loved to please Mary in making them; and the mother had her pleasure in looking on while the children were happy at their play.

A few days after this soap-bubble afternoon, Charley was making pleasant calculations on an excursion with his father and a party of friends, to a lake some ten or a dozen miles from home, where they were to have great sport in sailing and fishing. He had told all his young playmates of the promised pleasure, and they had wished to have the privilege of being added to the number of the party. But as Charley was the only boy that was to go along, his own importance was increased greatly in

his own estimation, and he thought it must be that he was the happiest boy in all the world.

The week that must pass by before the great day of sailing and fishing came on was the longest week of all that had ever been past in Charley's short life. The days were so slow in going by, that he sometimes feared there was to be no end to them, and that the day (for which it seemed to him all other days of the week were made) would never come.

But if the time was so long, and the days grew longer as the wished-for event drew nigh, so the pleasure was the greater in anticipation. There never was such a treat in store for a boy—there never was so happy a fellow as our Charley—there was nothing in this world like going off on a fine summer-day for a fishing and sailing trip on a beautiful lake—and all this was to be his, just as sure as next Saturday came.

So he thought, and so it would have proved, very likely, if he had not worried so much about it that on Friday night he was taken sick, first with a terrible headache that he said nothing about, till a high fever set in, and before morning they had to send for the doctor.

It was very plain that Charley could not be out of bed the next day, and his father remained at home, while the rest of the party went off to the lake and had grand sport, as they expected, the report of which they brought home with them, and recited to Charley's father in the evening, while the sick boy lay in

the other room and heard it, groaning and grunting that his bubble had burst just as it was full-blown.

Mr. Mason, the father of Charley, desired to improve every thing of this sort, by making a good impression on the mind of his son; and so, on the Sabbath that followed this great disappointment, his father took occasion to show Charley that many of the expectations of youth would turn out just as his hopes for the pleasures of Saturday had.

"The pleasure was very bright and promising. Like the bubbles that you were blowing on the floor a few days ago, these hopes are beautiful; and the longer you look at them, the brighter they appear. But they burst as soon."

Charley was thoughtful, and for some minutes he sat without saying a word. But as he was in the habit of talking very freely with his father, he soon asked him if it had been so with him, since he had grown to be a man?

Mr. Mason was much pleased with his children when they asked him any question that showed they were disposed to think, and desired to be instructed in what was useful. He told Charley that if he wanted to hear a story about bubbles, he would tell him one in the evening, when he came home from church; but there would not be so much to please him as he had found in his sport a few days before. As it was the Sabbath-day, he could not expect his father to *amuse* him, but he knew that he could

please and teach him, and, therefore, he waited with some impatience for the promised hour to come.

It was a very pleasant evening—a summer Sabbath-evening in the country, when the hush of nature seems to fall in with the sacredness of the day, and the very leaves and flowers and fields all rest, as man ought to rest, and does rest when he hears and obeys the voice of God. Mr. Mason was sitting in the door of his pleasant cottage, over which the creepers were climbing to make a little shade, and Charley was on the step below where his father sat. Mary was by his side, and Mrs. Mason had joined her husband, so that the whole family group was complete, and in such a free and easy way as the family group is often gathered in the country, especially of a Sunday evening.

“Now about those bubbles!” said Charley, looking up pleasantly to his father.

“Bubbles! bubbles!” said Mary; “not bubbles on Sunday.”

“No, no, Mary dear,”—Charley said with a smile,—“we are not going to play bubbles, but father promised to tell me a story that had something in it about bubbles, and I am wanting to hear it. Please now keep still a little, while father talks.”

Mr. Mason began—

“I was not as old as Charles now is, when I began to blow bubbles, and some people may think I have not done blowing them yet.”

"Father blow bubbles!" tittered Mary, but Charles checked her.

"You laugh at the thought of my blowing them, and so you may; but you will understand it better when you grow older and wiser. The lesson that Charles learned yesterday, when all the fondest hopes of a pleasant day were so suddenly blighted, was a lesson that I learned very much in the same way; but it was not so deeply impressed upon me, but that I have been a hundred times since as much pleased with a bright vision of something that I hoped to enjoy. And that bright vision has faded away, and perhaps burst as suddenly as it formed.

"In the early part of my life there were a thousand pleasures that seemed to me the most delightful enjoyments which the world could give. My father was a man of wealth, and was willing to give me the means to purchase whatever I wished, to increase the pleasures of life; and living in the city, where there was no end to the variety of amusements, I was gay and thoughtless, a pleasure-seeker, finding my highest pleasure in running from one place of amusement to another, and never satisfied with any. The very excess of them sickened me.

"I went home one night after a late supper with a party of young friends, and I was rolling on a sleepless bed, when the thought came over me, 'What is all this that I am doing, when I have, as yet, done nothing for this world or the

world to come. I am running after pleasure as if that was what a man is to live here for, but I have an immortal soul, which must be saved or lost. It will be lost if I trifle away my life as I have begun, and what a fool must I be to spend my time in follies that are even now sickening, when eternity is yet to be secured !

“The bubble burst in a moment ! I felt that I could not spend the rest of my days as I had begun, and that I must seek for something more substantial, if I would make a good foundation for this world and the world to come. My father was the head of a large shipping house, one of the most extensive mercantile establishments in New York, and he was not a little pleased when I proposed to him to settle down in business. He gave me a place in his counting-room, and, after two years of close attention to business, he took me into the concern with a share in the profits. At this time I was just twenty-two years of age. The years of my apprenticeship had been far more profitable and pleasant than those I spent before in the pursuit of pleasure, but they had not been employed in seeking any thing beyond the knowledge of what would fit me to buy and sell and get gain. This I did learn, and was not afraid to match myself with any one of my years. And now, ‘to make money’ seemed to me the ‘chief end of man.’ I was the first at the office and the last to quit it—a model to the

clerks, and the pride of the masters. I was getting rich, even without reckoning the riches of my father, on which I had calculated before, when I was doing nothing. And so a few years were spent in business, during which I learned to think that a man was happy and respectable just in proportion to the amount of money he had. I had never looked into the distant relations of our business, leaving that to my father and the senior partners, who had for a long series of years managed it with great success, and, as the world supposed, with the greatest prudence.

“But one evening, at home, when I had not the least thought of any such announcement, my father informed me that the concern was in trouble, and he was afraid they would not be able to get through. I could not believe it, and, indeed, could hardly understand, and it would not be worth while for me to explain to you, how all this was to come; but it did, and in less than three months from the time that my father first informed me of our dangers, our commercial house was broken up, my father was a ruined man, and I was out of business and out of money!

“That bubble burst, and there was nothing left—absolutely nothing to call my own. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? But I had lost the world, and had not yet taken a single step toward saving my soul.

“I had some excellent friends, and they had been so well pleased with my attention to business and the capacity I had shown for it, that they proposed to me to become a candidate for an office in the city, of some honour and profit. I was pleased with the prospect of both, and there was a necessity for me to do something, and that too, at once. With all the ardour of my nature, and excited by the struggles of others that were around me, it was but a little while before I was as much immersed in politics as I had ever been in pleasure or business. The office for which I was striving seemed like a prize of priceless worth. It engaged all my thoughts by night and by day, and I laboured for it as if my life and the welfare of my country depended on the result. And when the day of the election came, I was beaten out of sight, by a man of no character or claims, but who proved to have a way of getting votes that I had not, and, without making any great noise about it, he had managed to win the day. And so that bubble burst!

“While all these lessons had been put before me to learn, I had often been amused to see that other men were disappointed in their schemes, rushing into great speculations that turned out miserably—deceiving themselves and others with hopes that were as wild and idle as the dreams of children; but it never occurred to me that my own calculations were just as likely to be blown up as any of them.

"Then I gave up the chase. I was now thirty years old,—not much older, but much wiser than when I entered into business. Quitting the city, and finding work to do out here that was to my mind, I became a resident of this quiet town. Here I found your mother, and here we found the 'pearl of great price,' which has been to us more than wealth, or all the pleasures which this world can give. Now, Charles, do you understand me when I say that I have been blowing bubbles almost all my life?"

"Yes, sir, I do; but you are not blowing them now, are you?"

"Not now, my son. I have learned that there is nothing on earth that will not fade or burst. Our best loved friends, parents, children, all will die. Riches will fail us. But your mother and I have been seeking to lay up treasures in heaven. By-and-by this earth will be burned up. The blue heavens will pass away. All these things will be dissolved. Like bubbles, they will burst and be gone. If you are wise, my son, you will never set your heart supremely on any thing that will perish."

Charles and Mary often blew soap-bubbles after that, but never without thinking of the lesson their father taught them that pleasant Sabbath evening.

EDWARD COLTON.

"I HAVE been thinking that I ought to join the church," said Edward Colton to his father as they were walking home from the evening service.

Mr. Colton was not surprised at this remark. He had observed for some time past that his son had been very thoughtful, and he had known that he was very strict in attending to his religious duties. Mrs. Colton had talked with Edward very freely, and he had told her his feelings, with all the frankness and confidence of a child.

Mrs. Colton had seen that Edward was disposed to read his Bible and good books while the others were at play, and sometimes he would come in and sit down on the ottoman near her feet, and lean his head upon her knee, as if he were not well. She asked him what was the matter; and though at first he was slow to speak of his feelings, he at length told her that he was anxious about his soul. She gave him all the counsel that she could, and read to him several passages in the New Testament, to encourage him to put his trust in the Saviour.

"Edward, my son," said Mrs. Colton, "do you feel that you have sinned against God?"

"Oh yes, mother; I am a great sinner, and

that is what makes me feel so bad now. I know I am very wicked, and I am sure that God does not love me."

Mrs. Colton leaned her head upon her son's, as he rested on her knee, and tears fell on him, as she wept with him on account of his distress.

"And yet, my dear child, God is more willing to forgive you, than you are to be forgiven. If you are sorry that you have broken God's law and provoked his displeasure, you may be sure that he is waiting and willing to have mercy on you, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

"Mother, please to tell me more of that—*for the sake of Jesus Christ?*"

"So I will, my son; I love to speak of it. The Son of God has died on the cross for sinners. If he had not suffered, you could not be saved. If you will now repent of your sins, and turn to God with all your heart, believing, that is, trusting in the dear Saviour who died, your Father in heaven will forgive your sins, and make you his own dear child. Is this plain?"

"Very plain. But I am afraid that he will not hear me when I pray. I am only a little boy."

"Yes, you are only a little boy, but you are a sinner, and the Lord Jesus died for sinners, just such as you are. Now go up-stairs into your bedroom, and there pray to God to forgive your sins for the sake of Christ. Tell him

your sorrows, and ask him to give you a new heart, and to prepare you to serve him and love him."

After such conversation as this, Edward went to his room, and prayed. He did not find relief to his mind that day, but he persevered, day after day, till at last he had a sweet hope that God had heard his prayers and pardoned his sins. It was a few days after this, that he told his father that he had been thinking of joining the church.

Mr. Colton knew very well that Edward's mind had been very much interested in the subject of late, and he was therefore prepared to hear him speak of it, and was glad that he had introduced the subject himself.

"And why do you think that you ought to join the church?"

"Because I would like to have all the boys know that I mean to be a Christian; and it seems to me that the Saviour tells us to come to the communion."

"Do you mean that you think the Saviour commands all those who would be his followers to own him before men as their Saviour, and come to his table and testify their faith in him?"

"Yes, sir, that is the way I feel. I want to take the bread and wine in the Lord's supper, and I thought I would speak to you about it."

"I am very glad you have. If you are

willing to be known as a child of God and to take your place among the members of the church, I shall be glad to talk to you on the subject. Do you feel willing to forsake sin and every evil way, and devote yourself to the service of God?"

"Yes, sir, I mean to do so as long as I live."

"But your young companions will be very likely to make fun of you, and you may soon be ashamed of your profession, and be sorry that you have made it."

"I am not afraid of them. I have been talking to a good many of them, and some of them say they wish they were Christians, and I think all of them wish so, if they don't *say* so."

"But, my son, you ought to love God with all your heart, and you ought to love Christians, and love everybody. Do you feel that you *love* others as well as you love yourself?"

"I think I do love God, and I try to love all the people; but I sometimes think I may not feel as I ought to; but I feel very different from what I did a few weeks ago."

"Try to tell me in what respects you feel differently."

"Why, then I did not love to pray or read the Bible, but now I do. I love to go to church and hear of Christ and heaven, and I want to live for him as long as I do live."

Edward had been a thoughtful boy, and it was plain to his father that he had not been sud-

denly excited by a new notion that would soon pass over. In his infancy Edward had been devoted to God, and had been brought up in the fear of the Lord. He had been taught the catechism, and had learned much of the Bible, which he was in the habit of repeating at the evening fireside to his mother, who was at once his companion and teacher.

It was not strange that the good seed, thus early and carefully sown, should spring up and bear good fruit. The child who had made the truths of God's word his study, was now led by the Holy Spirit to embrace the truth with all his heart.

A few Sabbaths after, he was received into the communion of the church. It was a very interesting and a very solemn scene when this youthful disciple came out before the great congregation and made a public profession of religion. He had not acted hastily in the matter. It had been on his mind for many weeks. He had counted the cost, and was prepared.

On the morning of the Sabbath when he was to be received into the church, he had a great struggle in his mind. He began to tremble, lest he had been deceived; and then he was afraid that he had been too hasty in coming to a decision.

He went away into his bedroom, and there prayed very earnestly that God would direct him in this hour of his doubt. He gave himself up to God again and again, and desired to

be his for ever. When he rose from his knees he felt a sweet sense of his acceptance with God, and he was greatly encouraged to go forward. He then went to his mother and said—

“I have been afraid that I am not fit to join the church, mother, and I do not know but I had better wait.”

“No, you are not fit, my son; and if you wait till you are fit, I am afraid that you never will. It is not those who are fit, but those who feel they are unworthy, and who desire grace to fit them for such a service, that are invited to come to the table of the Lord. You feel that you are unworthy, do you not, my son?”

“I do; I am such a great sinner that I do not feel as if I ought to join myself to the church; but the more I think of Christ and good people, the more I love them, and the more I want to be on their side.”

“You need not be afraid, my son. If you truly love the Saviour, he will give you strength, not only to go through what is before you to-day, but what is far more difficult, to live as a Christian ought to live afterward.”

“Will you pray for me, mother, that I may live as I ought to live?”

“Certainly I will; and let us pray together now.”

They kneeled down together, the mother and child, and she asked the Saviour to be near and strengthen her child that day and always. Ed-

ward prayed too. He joined in her petitions, and followed with words of his own, and with tears, for his heart swelled within him, and he could scarcely speak.

Edward walked with his parents to the house of God, and sat with calmness through the services, till the pastor said that those who had been examined for admission to the church would now present themselves. He stepped out of the seat, and stood with a few others in the broad aisle, while the profession and the solemn promises were read, to which he gave his assent in the fulness of his young and tender heart. The tears were streaming down his cheeks as he returned and took his seat between his father and mother.

For the first time he was now with them at the communion-table. Often before, on such occasions, when he was sitting in another part of the church, he had felt that the same separation might be made in the world to come—he might be compelled to go away from them! The thought was dreadful to him, but now he was happy in being permitted to unite with them, and he thought it would be just so in heaven.

There were many of the boys in church who had long known Edward, and they thought that if any one was good enough (as they said) to join the church, he was. They wished they were as well prepared as he. Instead of being disposed to laugh at him, they felt the importance

of doing just what he had now done ; but they knew very well they must forsake their sins first, and turn to God. Some of them *resolved* that very day that they would begin without any delay to seek the salvation of their souls.

There may be some young persons reading this sketch of Edward Colton, who have never yet sought the Lord ; to them let me say a word or two. My dear young friends, you think that you *ought* to be Christians ; but can you tell me why you *are* not ? Have you ever felt truly sorry for your sins ? Do you feel sorry for them now, and earnestly desire to have them forgiven for the sake of Christ ? You should at once, without any delay, put your trust in the Saviour ; believe in him who is able and willing to forgive all your sins ; and then seek to join yourselves to the people of God. So Edward Colton felt, and so he acted. He found great peace and comfort in thus making a *profession* of religion. It did not make him any better, but it was a source of great joy to him to be permitted to celebrate with others the dying love of the Redeemer, to whom he had devoted his life. From that hour he felt himself more completely given up to the service of God. "Ye are not your own ; ye are bought with a price," were the words which the pastor preached from on that day ; and Edward felt that the precious Saviour had given his life a ransom for him, and he must live for one who had died that he might live.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"WILL you please teach me my verse, mother, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother. "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L—— was very ill indeed. Her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed; and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold, attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, while she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently on his arm, as if she would lead him from the room.

Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling roused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it:—'*When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.*'" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features beside him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought his mother, as usual, but he found her—a corpse wrapped in the winding-sheet, and ready for the grave!

This was her *last lesson*. He has never forgotten it,—he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a *good* man, and now occupies a post of much honour and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully

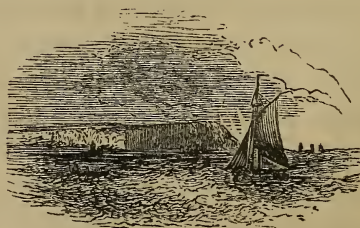
exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced—the Lord has taken her darling up.

My dear reader, if you have God for your friend, you need never fear. Father and mother may forsake you, the world may seem to you like a dreary waste, full of thorns and pitfalls; but he can bring you safely through trials, and give you a golden harp and snowy robe, like those the justified wear in heaven. He can even surround your death-bed by angel visitants. “He is all-powerful, an ever-present help in time of trouble.” Will you not then seek his friendship? This you can never gain unless you keep his commandments. “If you love me,” said the Saviour, “keep my commandments.” Do you keep these? Do you not only “abstain from evil,” but from all “appearance of evil?”

These are solemn and soul-searching questions. If you are compelled by truth to answer them in the negative, will you not change your course and begin to-day to live for God? Perhaps some very little boy or girl may read this story of little Roger, and turn away from the reflections here at the close, saying, “I am too young to become a Christian yet; by-and-by I will keep all God’s commandments, and be very good indeed.” My little friend, you are not too young to die. Perhaps you may not live to fulfil your design of becoming a Christian in some future hour. Better begin *now*! Trust me when I say to you, *you are not too young*. This

world is a wide one, and it is full of wickedness. God has called it in the Bible his vineyard, and he calls continually for labourers to come and work in it. Would you not like to work for a Master who will pay you with the gold of a happy heart in this world—yea, “in the life to come,” will give you a place close to his great white throne, in that beautiful world, the glories of which “eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, though God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit?” Or will you work for that wicked one, who will pay you with groans and gnashing of teeth, and “everlasting burnings?” who will delight in making your path in this life full of bitter memories, and in the “life to come” terrible indeed!

I am very earnest in this important matter, and I wish you to make a wise choice now; one that you will not regret having made, throughout the endless ages of eternity. You cannot be an idler, young though you be. If you do not work for God, believe me, you are working for Satan. What a fearful thought!



BEHAVIOUR AT CHURCH.

WHEN, safe preserved from week to week,
You seek God's house of prayer,
Do not with vain and worldly thoughts
Presume to enter there.

How oft the wand'ring eyes betray
The heart unfix'd on heaven;
E'en while with feigned lips you pray
To have your sins forgiven!

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
The heartless voice to raise;
God is a Spirit, and requires
The spirit's prayer and praise.

He sees each secret of your heart,
Though 'tis from man conceal'd;
Its pride, its vanity and guile
Are all to him reveal'd.

But if one humble wish is there,
More of his will to know,
You may be sure the God of love
Will see and bless that too

Then pray, when entering in his courts,
That he will give you grace
To hear, to read, to mark, to learn,
And run the heavenly race.

THE STAGE-DRIVER.

"WHAT do you mean to do for a living when you come to be a man?" said Mr. Hedges, the school-master, to William Marsh, one evening, as they were sitting by Mr. Marsh's fireside.

"I mean to be a stage-driver," was William's prompt, and, in manner, not very respectful reply.

Mr. Hedges did not say any thing more to him. He asked the question with the hope that it might lead to some profitable conversation. He had noticed that William was very inattentive to his studies when at school; and he was in hopes, now that he had come to board for a week at his father's, that he could induce him to feel more interested in the cultivation of his mind. The coarse reply to his question discouraged him altogether. Perhaps he was discouraged too soon. Perhaps, if he had persevered in his attempt, he might have awakened some feelings of desire or shame that would have led William to pay more attention to his books.

As Mr. Hedges was about to leave for another boarding-place, he took occasion to speak to William's mother respecting her son's inattention to his books, and to advise her to require him to be more diligent.

Mrs. P. replied that she had never known much good to come of book-learning. William

was a smart boy for a bargain, and could drive the team as well as his father.

The teacher came to the conclusion that William would realize his purpose of becoming a stage-driver.

In the same school was a boy named Joseph Reed, who was very fond of his books. He always stood at the head of his class in all their studies. He did not, perhaps, learn more easily than several other boys of his age, but he was diligent. He took his books home with him every night, and studied his lessons in the evening, when the other boys were at play.

"Come, Joe," said William to him, one night after school, "let us go to Long Pond to-night, and have a good time skating."

"I cannot do it," replied Joseph.

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot get my lesson if I do. Mr. Hedges told us he wanted us to learn the lesson he gave out as soon as we could."

"Can't get your lesson!" said William, in a tone of contempt; "what good will getting your lesson do you, do you think? Nobody likes you any better for your fuss about your lessons, and a great many do not like you so well. John," said he to another boy, "will you go to the pond to-night?"

"I am agreeable," said John, imitating the manner, as he repeated the words, of a loungeur at the tavern, whose wit was the admiration of all the young candidates for ruin in the place.

Several other boys were asked, and consented to go. The prospect of a skating-party, on a bright moonlight night, was very tempting to Joseph. He loved skating very much, but not so much as he loved his book. He hastened home, carried in the wood, and took care of the sheep for the night, and sat down to his lesson. He soon mastered it, at least so far that he could see through it. He then took his skates, and ran to join the party who were going to the pond. They had assembled, but had not yet started. "There comes Joe," said one.

"I asked him to go," said William, "and he would not go then, and now he sha'n't go."

As William was somewhat of a bully, none of the boys liked to enter into a dispute with him. Besides, Joseph paid so much attention to study and reading, that he did not associate very much with the boys, and was not regarded as one of them. They therefore made no objection to William's authoritative declaration, and so poor Joseph had to go home, and forego the pleasure of trying his new skates on the glassy ice. Some reproachful and insulting words were uttered by William, but he paid no attention to them, and went home and comforted himself with his book.

We will now pass over an interval of twelve years. Joseph had continued to cherish his love of knowledge. He had completed his collegiate course, and had pronounced the valedictory on the day he graduated. He had

become a teacher in a distinguished seminary, and was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the country.

He was on his way to visit his parents. He left the steamboat at P., where he was to take the stage-coach.

"Shall I take your trunk?" said a red-faced, scantily clothed young man, of about his own age.

"I am going in the stage to M.," said Reed.

"I am the driver that takes you there."

He shouldered the trunk, and secured it on the stage, and then held open the door of the coach while Reed entered it. As he was closing the door, Reed recognised in the driver his old school-mate, William Marsh! He had become—what he told the schoolmaster he intended to become—a stage-driver. Yes, he was a poor, drunken, profane stage-driver!

I am not acquainted with the particulars of his downward course. His father wished to have him continue to work on the farm, and promised to give him a portion of it as soon as he was twenty-one; but farming was too dull a business for him. So he ran away when he was about seventeen, and went into a neighbouring State, where he procured employment, at first as an hostler at a tavern, and then he soon reached the height of his ambition, as the driver of four horses before a stage-coach! He soon formed intemperate habits; and on one occasion, when he was intoxicated, he suffered the

horses to run away with the stage. There were no passengers in it at the time, or they would certainly have been killed; for the coach was overturned, and fell down a ledge nearly twenty feet high. He jumped from his seat just before the coach went over, and escaped with a sprained ankle and a bruised face.

He was then dismissed by his employer, and was obliged to return home. His father received him kindly, and tried to get him to go to work on the farm; but in vain. He spent his time at the tavern in the village, till the landlord, (partly to get rid of him,) assisted him to a situation as a driver in a line of stages running through the village. He was in that situation when Joseph Reed landed at P., and took the stage for his native place.

My young reader, what do you intend to be when you are a man? What you will be depends very much on the purposes you now form. There is nothing dishonourable in the calling of a stage-driver. It is an honest way of obtaining a livelihood, and may be followed prosperously and respectably by those who are inclined to such a mode of life. But the history I have given will illustrate this general truth, that if you cherish low aims, and make no effort at self-improvement, you will never secure an honourable standing among your fellow-men.

NOTHING LOST BY CIVILITY.

A GENTLEMAN who has filled the highest municipal offices in one of our cities, owed his elevation chiefly to a single act of civility.

A traveller, on a hot summer's day, wanted some water for his horse, and perceiving a well near the road-side, turned his horse up toward it. Just then a lad appeared, to whom the stranger addressed himself, saying—

“My young friend, will you do me the favour to draw a bucket of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off and on?”

The lad promptly seized the bucket, and soon brought a supply of water. Pleased with the cheerful temper and courteous manner of the youth, the traveller inquired his name; and so deep was the impression made on his mind, that the name of the lad and his place of residence were remembered until several years afterward, when the traveller had occasion for a clerk. He then sent for this young man, and gave him a responsible and profitable place, from which he rose to the chief magistracy of a city!

Emperor. Here is a small one, on red paper, with three characters on the head, which signifies "Searching-for-a-man bill." The bill goes on to say that a little boy, six years old, has been missing from his home ; it describes his appearance and dress, and finishes by saying that any one who will bring him to his disconsolate parent will be a superior man, perform a benevolent action, and receive the sincere thanks of his father. Here is a doctor's advertisement, who tells us that he has found out a cure for opium-smoking that was never known to fail. Here is a silk-mercantile's shop-bill, stating that in their establishment are to be found silks and satins from every province, and the latest fashions from Peking. And just below here is a modest little bill on yellow paper, saying that the teacher Ping, just arrived from Soo-Chow, will attend at the Golden Dragon Tea House, on the 16th of this month, and following evenings, to rehearse the history of the Three States, to all who choose to come and listen. But we must not stop to read any more, or we shall not get home in time for dinner. Passing in at the outer gate, we come to an open shed, with a little altar at the back of it, and about a dozen candles burning in front of an image of the "Spirit of Riches ;" and in front there are several men sitting and standing about ; these are chair-bearers, like the porters in your city, and this is the god they worship. A few steps farther, and we pass

through the inner gate, and now we are fairly inside a Chinese city ; but how different from the cities of your country ! Here we see no shops with glass windows, but when the shutters are taken down they are all open to the street ; the counters run along the front, and the customers stand outside to buy. The sign-boards, instead of being put over the door, stand on the ground, and reach the whole height of the shop. Do you see that old man in front of us, with a long yellow gown ? That gown was given him by the Emperor, when he became seventy years old. You see there are four characters in black velvet on the breast, signifying "Granted by imperial favour." In China they honor old age so much that any one that reaches seventy can get the same from the Emperor.

When we get to the end of this street—now—we'll turn to the left, and pass along this other busy street, which you see is full of all sorts of shops ; greengrocers, bakers, tailors, tea-men, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, carpenters, cabinet-makers, doctors, oil-men, curiosity shops, toy shops, and a number of others. But what is this large building with the nice level paving in front of it ? That is a temple, and the spirit that is worshipped there was once a living man, who invented the art of dyeing cloth ; and he is now supposed to watch over all the dyers, and they pray to and worship him, so that this is the dyer's church. But what are all these large red chests that they are carrying in, in

such numbers? These contain the dresses of a sort of play-actors, who are coming to-morrow to perform plays, for they have a stage inside. You may think a church is a curious place to perform plays in, but that is the custom with these heathen people. Come along now, and take care that you do not upset that barber's stand. Here is a small bridge, we'll cross over this ditch and go in at this little door, which leads us into a place called the Ching-Hwang Meaou, a very funny name, and there are a great many funny things done in it. Do you see those rocks standing in the middle of the water, and the pretty zigzag bridges that lead to different parts of them, the winding passages and grottos in the rocks, and the rough stone steps in different parts that lead you round and round, till at last you are able to get to the top of the highest pinnacle? Those trees and flowers, too, that are growing out from between the stones, look very pretty; and you see in the middle of the lake there a pretty house, two stories high, with figures of birds and dragons all about, and bridges leading up to it. In summer-time that is all open, and people go there to sit and drink tea, and enjoy themselves. But look at these poor miserable-looking people who are knocking their heads on the ground to us as we pass; these are beggars, and they think that by doing so they will induce us to give them some money. Here is a man making a great noise, talking about something or other: let us listen to what

he says; he is offering to tell fortunes, and says he will tell you any little matter for the amount of three cash, which is less than half a farthing. See, there is a silly-looking man, with his mouth wide open, coming to ask what doctor it will be lucky to employ for his child that is sick. Notice now, he pulls a slip of bamboo out of his bundle; see how cunningly the fortune-teller looks at the character on it, and then how rapidly he runs over the description of it, as if he had it all by heart. Now he takes his pencil and scribbles it down on the board before him, as quick as lightning. He has got a history for every stroke, and you would think he could see in these few lines all that was to happen to his customer during the rest of his life. Now he takes his cloth and wipes it all out, receives his three cash, and is ready for the next simpleton that comes. You see he has got a number of dirty books lying on his stall, that he pretends help him to see what is to happen to any one; but what is that little book that he is taking up now? I think I have seen it before. Why that is one of our tracts; it is the tenth chapter of John's Gospel. See, he reads it now, and praises it: he says it is good doctrine, but how little does he understand about it! Let us pray that God would help him, and all the poor people round about us who are worshipping wooden images, to find the door of the sheepfold, and to enter in at it. You know that in that chapter Jesus Christ tells

us he is the door. Let us praise his name that we have been brought to him, and that he watches over us, as a shepherd does over his sheep.

I am just going to call at a shop here, where a man is doing some work for me, and then, as it is getting late, we must hurry home without stopping to look at any thing, and if you like, we will take a walk another day.

A CHILD INVITED TO JESUS.

COME to Jesus, little sinner,
Come to him this very day;
Bow upon your knees before him,
He will teach you how to pray.
Come to Jesus, for he loves you;
He's so great, and kind, and good.
Come to Jesus—he will wash you
In his own most precious blood.

COME TO JESUS.

HEAR what Jesus now is speaking :

“ Come to me, each weary soul,
Is your heart with sorrow breaking?
Then on me your burdens roll.

“ Come, the babe, whose eyes are beaming
On a world of joys untrue ;
I, my crown and glory leaving,
Was a little babe like you.

“ Come, the flower of morning beauty,
Come, the tender bud of spring ;
I with blessings will refresh you,
And to bloom your promise bring.

“ Come, the aged man and hoary,
Rest you on my arm of love ;
It will bring you safe to glory,
It will set your feet above.

“ All on earth—the poor and weary—
All in trouble, all in sin—
When the things around look dreary,
When there is a sting within—

“ See, my eye of love is on you,
Trust my promises and grace ;
Cast your sinful pleasures from you,
And my joy shall fill their place.”

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

IN coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort, or apprehension of danger, dictated.

I had noticed on the deck a fine-looking little boy of about six years old, following a man around, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectably dressed. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick, clustering, beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the

little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sun-light from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, and, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his evening prayers.

The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and, before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He, alone, of the worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether

Protestant or Papist, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. It did me good; it made me better. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers, in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice, and harp, and violin; but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion he arose, and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who train their children to pray, even at home?

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

SOME people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are often only laughed at ; their orders are forgotten, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word ! It will do what the harsh word, or even blow, cannot do ; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse ; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go the right way. Another man, who was with the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do any thing for you, because you are kind to me ;" and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as though the load were a plaything. Oh ! how strong is a kind word !

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature too ;
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,
He knows the thoughts I have within ;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it, if I sin.

If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do ;
And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.

Thus, when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,
I'm not too young for God to see.

THE ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

"DEAR mother," said a little girl, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and

they are so much plainer! What *can* be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odour.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, *it is* the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, with some of which everybody is born, remember then, my little girl, the almond-blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper, is worthless.*"

HYMN.

WHEN morning pours its golden rays,
O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea,
My heart unbidden swells in praise,
Father of light and life, to thee !

When night from heaven steals darkly down,
And throws its shade o'er lawn and lea,
My sadden'd spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to thee !

If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joys and sorrows dim the eye—
Father in heaven, I turn to thee !

GOD IS WITH ME.

THE Princess of Oldenburg, of Russia, was walking in the garden last summer, and saw her son, a fine boy, about five years old, walking alone. She said to him, "How happens it, my son, that you are here all alone?" He replied, "I have lost Catharine and George, (his brother and sister,) and do not know where they are; but I am *not alone*, for God is always with me."

BE HONEST TO EVERY ONE.

“BE faithful to your employer, and honest to every one,” said Widow Freeman to her son George, when he left the charity-school to go live as an errand-boy with a respectable shoemaker in a neighbouring town. “Remember that ‘the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;’ and if you seek to please him in all your ways, you may humbly expect his blessing wherever you go. But if you should take to bad courses, you will break your poor mother’s heart, and bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

George felt something rising in his throat which prevented his speaking, and the tears came into his eyes; but he thought it would be unmanly to cry. So giving his mother a hearty kiss, he nodded good-by, and ran down the lane as fast as he could, while the good woman continued to stand at her cottage-door, watching him till he was quite out of sight, and praying that the God of the fatherless and the widow would protect her darling boy and keep him from all the snares of sin.

After a week or two it was seen that George was likely to do well in his new place. He remembered what he was told, and did as he was bidden. He gave his mind to fulfil the duties required of him, and would make no acquaint-

ance with the idle boys who were playing about the streets, and sought to persuade him to loiter on his errands. His master praised his good memory, and his mistress liked him for his civility and readiness to oblige. Every night he went home to his mother's cottage. It was two miles to walk, but George did not mind that; he was young and healthy and strong; and if he was sometimes tired with running about all day, he always forgot his weariness when he saw his mother standing to look out for him at the cottage-door. On Saturday nights he did not come home until ten o'clock; but then he brought his wages in his pocket, and half-a-crown a week was a great sum to the poor widow, who had to work hard for her living. Now that she had no longer her boy's entire maintenance to provide for, she was able to procure many comforts which she greatly needed; and happily and thankfully were their Sabbaths spent in praising God for earthly blessings, and seeking the richer gifts of his Holy Spirit to fit them for their rest above.

George had been in his place nearly twelve months, and his obedience to his mother's parting advice had secured for him an excellent character as an honest and faithful servant. One evening he was sent by his mistress to purchase various articles at a grocer's shop in the next street, for which he was to pay, and receive a sixpence in change. He was served by the

grocer himself, but had scarcely left the shop when he perceived, by the bright light in the window, that a half-sovereign had been given to him in mistake for the sixpence. Here was an opportunity for a dishonest boy to have committed a theft, without much probability of being found out. But I do not suppose that the thought of such a wicked action once entered George's mind. He directly turned back into the shop, and simply saying, "You have made a mistake, sir," he laid the half-sovereign upon the counter, and stood waiting for his proper change.

The grocer looked with a smile in George's honest face, and, after a moment's thought, taking two sixpences from the drawer, inquired if he was not in the employ of Mr. Barnes, the shoemaker round the corner? On hearing George's reply, the grocer said that he should inform his master of his good conduct; and giving him the sixpence that was due, with another for himself as a token of approbation, he told him to practise the same integrity through life, and he need not doubt that he would find friends. George felt grateful, both for the gift and the advice; and perhaps he betrayed a little self-gratification when relating the matter to his mother, for she thought it needful to warn him against trusting in his own strength, reminding him that he had a sinful heart, which nothing but divine grace could restrain from the way of evil. And she entreated him to read his

Bible, with constant prayer for his Saviour's mercy and assistance, since they are safe whom he keeps, but there is help in none besides.

The next morning, when he arrived at the shop, early as it was, George found Mr. Brown, the grocer, standing and talking to his master at the door. He made his bow, and was passing on; but Mr. Brown put his hand upon his shoulder, and his master, bidding him stop, asked him if his mother would object to his taking another place.

George turned first red and then white, when he heard this question. He feared that his master was displeased with him, and all the consequences of being dismissed rushed upon his mind. But before he could reply, Mr. Brown told him that he had come to the determination of taking him as an apprentice, if his mother would consent, and his present master was willing to give him up.

The truth was, that the grocer, having been lately defrauded to a large amount by one of the persons in his employment, was willing to set aside all other considerations for the sake of obtaining a really honest boy; and was looking out for a lad of this description at the very time when George's conduct with regard to the half-sovereign called forth his notice and commendation.

Mr. Barnes, the shoemaker, though sorry to lose his steady errand-boy, was too much his friend to stand in the way of his promotion;

and as there could be no doubt that Widow Freeman would thankfully give her consent, it was soon settled that George should go to his new master as soon as a successor could be met with for his present place.

How the happy boy got home that night he could scarcely tell. He hardly allowed himself time to take breath; and when he saw his mother waiting at the cottage-door, it seemed to give wings to his feet. What joy and gratitude were felt under that humble roof, when his tidings were told, no words of mine can express; and it was with a full heart that they both kneeled down before retiring to rest, to give thanks to God for his goodness in thus providing for their wants, and raising up friends for the time to come.

George has now been three years in the family of Mr. Brown, and the worthy grocer has been heard to say that he could trust him with untold gold. Reader, let this example encourage you to be strictly honest in all your dealings. You may not, like George, meet with an immediate reward; but such conduct will be sure, in the end, to procure for you the good opinion and confidence of others, and it will bring to your own mind a peace and satisfaction worth more than treasures of silver and gold.

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN, from my window on the sea-shore, I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, and month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is, that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why is this? Approach nearer and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord, scarcely visible, enchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state, the state of thousands! Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not: yes, they move them—a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement. They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest; this one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret, unseen, allowed indulgence, drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. If it be so, snap it asunder; make one desperate effort in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ

as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks, and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onward over the ocean of life, to the haven of everlasting rest.

PHOEBE AND THE PLUMS.

LITTLE Phoebe was playing, one fine sunny day,
With brothers and sisters, all happy and gay;
They were running, and jumping, as brisk as
could be,
When they came full in sight of a beautiful tree.

They shouted, and ran through the grass to its
root,
There peep'd through its leaflets a store of ripe
fruit;
Said Eunice: "See, here is a feast for us all,
Climb, brother, for plums, in our laps let them
fall."

Now Phoebe was youngest, and never had
known
How wrong 'tis to take things that are not our
own;
But sweet were the plums, and she liked them
so well,
That she gather'd and ate them as fast as they
fell.

She fill'd her small apron, and hasten'd to run
To tell her kind mother of what she had done ;
For she knew that she loved her, and always
was glad
To hear of the pleasures her little one had.

Her mother was sorry, and told her 'twas sin
To take what's not our's, were it small as a pin ;
That children who steal cannot taste of God's love,
Nor go, when they die, to his mansions above.

Poor Phœbe cried sadly and long for her theft,
Than ran to take back all the plums that were
left :

The owner forgave her, and said, "Do not
weep,
But since you have told me, the plums you may
keep."

Too sorry to take them, she hasten'd away,
And kneel'd in her own little closet to pray ;
She said, "Lord, I grieve, that so naughty I've
been ;
Oh bless and forgive me, and wash my heart
clean !"

Poor Phœbe, long after, remember'd that day,
And never beside that green plum-tree would
play ;
The plums mamma offer'd she never would take,
For the thought of her sin made her tender
heart ache.

A LITTLE THING.

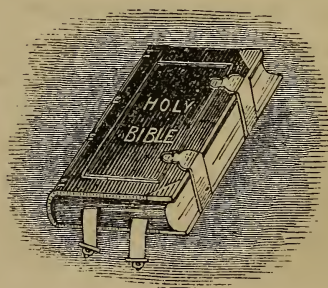
"OH, MOTHER, I'm so glad you've come home—I've been a good boy all the while you've been away, and now please to tell me a story," said Henry.

"I will, my son," said the mother; "for I have seen something which grieved me exceedingly, and led me to think how sadly I should feel if that lad were my child?"

"What was it, mother—was the boy sick?"

"No, he was not sick; he had a full bright eye, an animated countenance, and was very active and sprightly in his appearance. At first sight I was pleased with him, and thought 'The mother of that son must be happy in being blessed with one so interesting as he seemed to be.' Very soon, however, my feelings were changed. As he passed a fruit-stand, I saw him slyly put forth his hand, and take a nut or two. The keeper of the fruit did not see him, and he went on as gayly as before. He probably thought it was but a 'little thing,' and therefore of no consequence. He never supposed it was just as much stealing, and he was just as much a thief, as though he had taken a bag of gold. But, my dear child, never forget, it is the intention, and not the amount, which constitutes a breach of the command, 'Thou shalt not steal.' That boy, in the sight of a holy God, is a thief, because he

took the nut with the design of concealing the fact from the owner; and if he continues the practice of thus pilfering 'little things' in his youth, he will probably end his days, either the wretched inmate of a state-prison, or the degraded criminal upon the gallows. One, whose career had been a series of theft, robbery, and crime, was recently thus executed in Paris. In his confession, previous to the awful scene which closed his life, he said, "All the crimes which have so deeply stained my past life, were in consequence of my stealing an apple in my childhood, in which I was not detected." This little thing emboldened him to do another, and another, and still more, until 'little things' gave place to greater, and the hand of justice finding him, closed his career. Beware, then, dear youth, of these 'little things' which are wrong. They are the entrance to a pathway which will surely terminate not only in wretchedness and sorrow here, but wo and misery indescribable hereafter."



"MOTHER, SING JERUSALEM."

The last words of a beautiful boy, who died in Boston a few years since.

A CHILD laid in a darken'd room,
With pallid, waxen face ;
A little child, whose tide of life
Had nearly run its race.

Most holy robes the angels brought,
By holy spirits given,
Ready to wrap its soul in them,
And carry it to heaven.

Perchance their beauty made him think
Of some harmonious word,
That often from his mother's lips
The dying one had heard.

It might be, for he whisp' red low,
"Sing! mother, sing!" and smiled.
The worn one knelt beside the couch :
"What shall I sing, my child?"

"Jerusalem! my happy home!"
The gasping boy replied,
And sadly sweet the clear notes rang
Upon the eventide :

“Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?”

And on she sang, while breaking hearts
Beat slow, unequal time;
They felt the passing of the soul
With that triumphal chime.

“Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?”
They saw the shadows of the grave
With his sweet beauty blend.

“Why should I shrink at pain or wo,
Or feel at death dismay?”
She ceased—the angels bore the child
To realms of endless day.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

A LITTLE boy who had been lost in one of the dense forests of the West, and was out all night, gave the following account of his conduct at the approach of darkness:—“It grew dark, and I kneeled down and asked God to take care of little Johnny, and then went to sleep.”

THE MISSIONARY BRIDGE.

THE Missionary Bridge ! What can that be ? Can any bridge be built which can help the missionaries to get over the wide seas and rivers which separate them from so many countries ? Yes, dear children ; and perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that the bridge is a little one, built by little boys, with no other tools than little wooden spades. The same sort of bridge would serve to carry the Sunday-school missionary and his stock of beautiful Sunday-school books into the wilds of the West, scattering blessings for the little ones on every side. The history of one Missionary bridge is this :—

Three little boys were last July at a sea-bathing place in Yorkshire, (Eng.,) where the children find great amusement in digging on the sands. They sallied forth one fine morning with their spades, and finding a stream left by the ebbing tide, rather too wide and too deep to be agreeably crossed on foot, they built a bridge of stones and sand, over which many persons, taking their morning walk, were glad to pass, and smilingly asked the little builders if they did not take toll ; to which they civilly replied, “No.” But the next day the idea was suggested that the bridge might be called a Missionary Bridge, and a toll of one half-penny requested of any who were willing to aid the Missionary cause.

The little boys were delighted to find their pleasant employment might assist in carrying the precious gospel to heathen lands. A nice bright blue bag was quickly made, and fastened to the top of a stick about a yard high, and, thus equipped, the little labourers again set out to rebuild what the tide had washed away.

The bridge built, and the stick and bag reared up in the sand at one end of it, some of the company kindly encouraged the little boys, and slipped their half-pence into the bag. One lady, though quite a stranger, gave them such kind looks and words, that she won the hearts of the little boys at once: they were sure she loved Jesus and the missionaries. The whole of their work, however, was not quite so smooth and pleasant. Some were quite indifferent; and one spoke so disrespectfully of the cause in which they were engaged, that the hearts of the little boys were wounded; but the kind lady had told them never to be ashamed of the Missionary work, for it is the work of Christ; and that, whether young or old, all must expect to meet with some difficulties, if they would serve him who took up his cross to serve and save us.

The varying tides, and other circumstances, only allowed of the Missionary Bridge being built three times during their stay: on which occasions they received the sum of 5s. 1d. from those who passed over it. Small as this may appear, their Missionary Bridge, may with God's blessing, be the means of conveying some of

the richest treasures to perishing souls. If it help over one precious Bible, who can tell what glorious things may be accomplished?

TIME cannot tell: ETERNITY will reveal it. And may it be *to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.* We know that he will not despise the feeble efforts of little children, but will say of them, as he did of Mary, when she poured the ointment on his blessed head, "They have done what they could."

ALL IS VANITY.—LOUIS PHILIPPE.

LOUIS PHILIPPE is dead. He was one of the richest of all the kings who have lived in our time. But he was a poor wanderer over the world for many years in the early part of his life and was at one time without a place in which to lay his head.

His parents were among the nobles of France; but in the revolutions that occurred, his father was beheaded, and Louis was compelled to fly from his country to save his own life. He wandered over the cold and dreary parts of Northern Europe. He became a school-teacher in Switzerland, thereby earning his daily bread, as every honest man ought to do. Then he came to this country and visited all the principal cities. He travelled westward on horseback, and from Pittsburgh he floated down the Ohio

to the Mississippi, and to New Orleans, in a small boat ; at night making it fast to a tree while he slept soundly. This was in 1797. He then resided in England until the overthrow of Napoleon, when he returned to France. In 1830 he ascended the throne of his native country, and for nearly twenty years he reigned in great splendour. He gathered an immense sum of money together while he was king, and spent large sums in adorning his palaces and the cities of France.

But another revolution came, and the people who had called him to be their king, drove him out of his palace. They took his throne and made a bonfire of it in the street ! The king, now an infirm old man, with his wife, hurried away on foot, and in disguise. They got an omnibus and were carried to an obscure tavern in the country, where they spent the night. As soon as possible they were taken by some friends to the sea-shore, and then to England, where Louis Philippe died.

Solomon was the richest man and greatest of the times in which he lived, but he said it was all vanity. So Louis Philippe thought, when he looked back over his strange life, and saw how much he had gone through, and to what it all comes at last. He was as happy when a school-teacher in Switzerland, or a wanderer in the wilds of America, as when he was on the throne of France.

There are two or three lessons to be learned

from his life. One is, that there is no dependence to be placed on any thing we have in this world. It will perish. Riches will fly away. A king to-day may be a beggar to-morrow. Another lesson is, that we should not be unhappy because we are not rich or great. We may be just as happy in our poverty as the king on his throne.

It is goodness, not greatness, that makes men happy.

A BOY INSTRUCTING A MAN OF SEVENTY.

AN old man of seventy years recently attended a prayer-meeting in London, where he related the following fact respecting himself and a little boy:—

“A portion of Scripture, ‘The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked,’ &c., was a few days ago impressed upon his mind and heart so forcibly, that he could not help thinking about it; nor did he know where to find it. He at last mentioned the circumstance to the family where he is lodging.

“When a little boy, ten years of age, heard it, he said, ‘Oh, sir, I will find it for you!’ and immediately took his Bible, and turned to the portion as recorded in Proverbs iii. 33. Thus the boy became a *preacher to an old man*; to one who had spent many years in sin and iniquity, but who, by God’s free, unmerited mercy,

is now a subject of grace. The little fellow has been brought up in an infant-school, and is now in the Sabbath-school. The poor old man was deeply affected when relating it; so much so that he could scarcely give utterance to what he wished to express.'

PRAYER.

WAKE, little child, the morn is gay,
The air is fresh and cool;
But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,
Before you go to merry play,
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words;
God loves your simple prayer
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleating of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,
And dew-drops wet the sod,
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to God.

Because you need him day and night,
To shield you with his arm;
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

WHAT IS BENEVOLENCE?

"WHAT did you mean, father, by saying to-day, that Ned Williams was a very benevolent man?"

"I meant what I said," replied his father, smiling. "What was there in the remark so very difficult to understand?"

"Why, I thought Ned Williams was one of the *poorest* men in the village!"

"So he is; but can he not be benevolent, if he is poor? What does benevolence mean?"

Robert hesitated a moment before answering, and his little sister Fanny exclaimed, "Why, I know what it means. It means to give away clothes and potatoes and cold meat to poor people."

Robert, not quite satisfied with any definition he could think of, had resorted to the dictionary, and read aloud, "*Benevolence*—disposition to do good, charity. *Benevolent*—kind, good, affectionate."

"Yes, that is the meaning," said his father. "And surely a poor man can have the disposition to do good, can be kind and affectionate, as well as a rich one. It is a common error to suppose benevolence consists entirely in giving away money, or articles of food and clothing. Many a poor person, without giving these, has been more benevolent than even our most liberal rich men."

"But," persisted Robert, "I do not see how that can be."

"Nor I," said Fanny, who since she had been able to define what benevolence meant, sooner than Robert, (to her own complete satisfaction at least,) considered herself quite an important party in the discussion.

"There are numberless modes of manifesting a desire to do good," said their father; "the merit, the real benevolence consists in the sacrifice we make, rather than the amount contributed. It may cost a rich man less to give a large sum of money, than it does a poor man to sacrifice his time or ease. I think I can make this plainer to you, by relating some instances of benevolence which occurred in our own village, a few winters ago. There was, at that time, a family living in a very remote part of the town, by the name of Richards. The head of it was a labouring man, temperate and honest, but quite poor, with a family of six children. One cold night in January, his little dwelling took fire and burnt to the ground. You can imagine the distress of the family. This little house, and a cow, were all he owned in the wide world. To make the matter worse, Mrs. Richards at the time of the fire, was confined to her bed with a lung fever. What was to be done? Here was a fine opportunity of showing benevolence. And I will tell you of the different manner in which these individuals assisted them, and you can judge for yourselves

whether the poor can be benevolent. The next house to Mr. Richards's was inhabited by a widow named Wilson, and thither Mrs. Richards was carried by two men. As was to be expected, the invalid was much worse in the morning. The excitement of mind, fatigue of body, and exposure to the cold, had increased her fever to an alarming degree. Good Mrs. Wilson never thought of hesitating about what was duty in such a case. Every comfort her little cottage afforded was freely bestowed, and her whole time and strength given to her sick inmate with the utmost cheerfulness, day after day and week after week. I dare say the thought never occurred to her that she was being very benevolent; she acted out a beautiful impulse of her heart, in relieving the distressed, for she had drunk deeply of the spirit of Him who said, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.' Let us see what she sacrificed. She earned her subsistence by washing in the families in the village, and was accustomed to labour thus five days in the week, receiving for this labour fifty cents per day. Therefore, in devoting four weeks to her sick neighbour, she lost—how much, Robert?"

"Five times fifty cents is two dollars and a half, for one week; and four times two is eight, and four halves two more. Ten dollars, sir!"

"Yes; and none but the very poor can fully estimate the comforts, or rather necessities of

life which this sum could procure. It would have bought warm winter clothing for herself and children, or a supply of fuel, or wholesome provisions. Besides this, you must remember she gave up rest at night, her own bed, and many other comforts."

"I don't believe," said Fanny, "anybody else was half so benevolent as Mrs. Wilson was then, father?"

"You shall hear," said her father. "About a month after the fire, the neighbours began to think of building a house for Mr. Richards. A subscription-paper was circulated; some gave money, some gave labour, and some gave building-materials. Mr. Parker gave by far the largest sum of money. He was a young man from Boston, very wealthy and gay. He had come here to settle an estate of a relative recently deceased, from whom he had received thirty thousand dollars, in addition to his former possessions. He was a kind-hearted, thoughtless young man; and when the subscription-list was handed to him, and the circumstances related, he opened the desk containing his new treasures, and drawing out a hundred-dollar bill, gave it to the applicant. Every one on hearing it exclaimed, 'How generous! How benevolent!' and yet, from what I know of him, I doubt whether he would have sacrificed one night's sleep or one party of pleasure to secure the Richards's family a new house."

"But, father, was it wrong for Mr. Parker to

give him a hundred dollars?" said little Fanny, with a cloud on her sunny brow.

"No, my love. It was right in him; just what he ought to have done. All I wish you to notice is, the *cost* of his gift; for on that, as I said before, and not on the amount given, depends the merit of the act. The third person I shall mention who assisted the Richardses, was Ned Williams. You know he is very poor, and could give no money. That winter he was earning something for the support of his family, by chopping wood in the forest. He was up every morning as soon as the first faint streak of light was seen in the eastern sky, and was off by sunrise, whistling merrily as he drove along, breathing the pure morning air. The forest rang with the heavy strokes of his axe, and ever and anon might be heard a loud crash, as some sturdy oak or lofty pine came tumbling to the ground. No happier man than honest Ned in those days of toil and poverty! One night, as he sat by his fire, he told his wife he believed he must do something for Richards's new house."

"I want to do something neighbourly," said he; "and I have been contriving how to manage it. There's John Jones, has given timber enough for the frame from his wood-lot, and I'm thinking I had better go and chop it for him."

"But if you do," replied his wife, "the visit to brother David must be given up. You will have no other time to go."

"I know it! I know it! I've counted the cost," said he, "beforehand. I had, to be sure, set my heart on making that visit after my chopping was done; but you know we can't give money like Mr. Parker, and 'twould be a hard case if we couldn't do a good turn for a neighbour, now and then, if we are poor."

Ned Williams's wife was not the woman to throw cold water on any generous impulse. She looked at her husband with mingled pride and affection, as she answered, "Yes, it would be very hard indeed, if we were compelled to be selfish because we are poor." So the visit was given up; and Williams's axe never did greater execution than when used in behalf of neighbour Richards's new house. Here are three benevolent people, and yet two of them are very poor."

"Well," said little Robert, "I understand now how people can be benevolent; but I think Mr. Parker was benevolent also, for his hundred dollars must have helped a great deal."

"Certainly he was," said his father; "but I wish you to feel that every person can do good. However poor, ignorant, or obscure one may be, he can give good deeds, kind words, and sympathizing looks to the suffering ones around him. This capacity of doing good is the richest gift God has bestowed upon man; it is a portion of his own divine nature. Can you tell me, Robert, in what passage of Scripture the truth we have been considering is taught?"

“Is it not where Jesus said that the widow who cast in her two mites had given more than they all?”

“Yes, Robert, and you may take the Bible and read that chapter for our evening devotions.”

TRUST GOD AND DO GOOD.

IN the early life of P——, while he was studying at R——, it happened that, owing to the disturbances of the country, his parents, who lived at a distance, fell at one time into such painful difficulties, that they were not able to send their son his usual means of support; and at the same time death deprived him of his chief friend in the place where he was. He was now without money or the means of obtaining any. He did not know even how to provide himself with the common necessities of life. One day, early in the morning, with a very sad heart, he was passing a church, which stood always open. He found it empty; and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed that God would show him some way out of his distress, so that his pressing need might be supplied.

As he rose and went toward the door which led into the principal street, a poor, old, infirm woman, leaning on crutches, came into the

church, and asked him for alms. P—— had only one shilling left, with which he had thought to provide himself with food for that day ; but he gave it to the poor woman, with these silent words, “ O Lord, I have besought thee for help, and thou causest even the last shilling I have to be asked of me ; yet thou knowest a way to help—I know not any.” With tearful eyes he passed on ; and just as he went out from the church-door, a noble-looking man rode by, who at the same moment dropped his glove. P—— took it up, and modestly gave it to its owner. The gentleman, surprised at this attention from a school-boy, asked his name. He told it, and the stranger inquired if he was a son or a relative of a famous surgeon of that name. He answered that he was his son, and the gentleman immediately asked him to dine at his lodgings, saying, “ Your father safely performed a dangerous operation for me, and, next to God, I owe my life to him.”

My friend bowed, and the stranger rode on. At the appointed time he went as he had been invited to do, and was most kindly and hospitably received. When he took leave, the stranger took his hand, and put in it six pieces of gold, saying, “ Students often have little expenses for which they do not like to apply to their kind parents. Take this trifle from me, as a token of gratitude toward your father.”

MARGARET.

MARGARET was the eldest daughter of a country pastor. At an early age she dedicated herself to the service of her Saviour. Before she was twenty years of age her pious mother died, and left two brothers, one of them nine, and the other seven years of age, to her care. It was a night of weeping in the pastor's family. As the children clustered together, and clung to each other, one of the boys exclaimed, "Oh brother, we have no mother now." "I will be a mother to you both," said Margaret. "You cannot, Margaret; you cannot," replied the weeping boy. But she was enabled to act a mother's part to them. She not only supplied their bodily wants with tender care, but she also watched over their moral and religious character with maternal anxiety; she gently reproved their waywardness, and often pointed out to them the way of life by Jesus Christ, and, with tears in her eyes, besought them to be reconciled unto God.

As a teacher in the Sunday-school, Margaret manifested a deep sense of her responsibility. She was in the constant habit of retiring to her closet before going out to meet her class. She often visited her scholars at their homes, and sought opportunities of interesting their minds and leading them to God. It was her

delight to visit the poor and afflicted families in her neighbourhood, and to minister to their temporal and spiritual wants. Many children of affliction have blessed her with their dying breath, and by many who survive, her name is held in remembrance.

Over the declining years of her father's life she watched with unremitting care and unwearied tenderness. After his death she married, and removed to a Western city, and carried a hallowing influence into her new home and church. She has fallen asleep in Jesus, her body rests on the banks of the Detroit River, and her spirit, we believe, is in paradise.

Such were some of the efforts of Margaret to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. Did the fruits appear? One of the brothers is a minister of the glorious gospel. The other is endeavouring to glorify God in another profession. When she left her class in the Sunday-school, two of its members were rejoicing in the hope of eternal life, and the others were anxiously inquiring after the way of life. A few months after her death her husband made a public profession of his faith in Christ. Other fruits there were, doubtless, and these will appear in the great day.

Lessons:—Even feeble women, of prayerful spirits and with devoted hearts, can do much for Christ. “He that watereth others, shall himself be watered.” “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to

visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The end of our salvation is to glorify God by holy fruit.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

HOW TO BE LOVED.—Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind thoughts, and pleasant smiles as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the street? But those acts that I have named are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this, you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I don't know," she replied, "unless it is that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being loved. "He that hath friends," says Solomon,

"must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. So, then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such or such an one does not like you. If nobody loves you, it is your own fault. Either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet, winning temper, and kind winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SISTER, hear ye not the rustling
Of the sere leaves as they fall?
Teach them not—this drooping, dying—
A lesson worth the heed of all?
Nature preaching, ever teaching,
A lesson worth the heed of all.

Once these leaves were fresh and verdant,
Warm'd by sunshine into birth;
Now, chill'd by nipping blasts of autumn,
They drop unto their mother earth.
For wise reason, but a season!
They drop unto their mother earth.

Some linger still, but, yellow, faded,
No more with green the boughs adorn;
No shelter yield where erst they shaded;
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.

Lifeless seeming, listless gleaming,
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.

So, though thou'rt now array'd in satin,
And pearls are glittering in thy hair ;
Anon thou'lt need a warmer garment—
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear :
Weeds arraying, grief betraying ;
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear.

Then, sister, let us muse and ponder
On these leaves from nature's page ;
And prepare while yet in season,
For a pure and happy age :
Undespairing, be preparing
For a pure and happy age.

I would not damp thy smile of gladness,
Or cast a shadow o'er thy youth ;
But ever shun the paths of folly,
Cleave to virtue and to truth :
Self-denying, faith-relying,
Cleave to virtue and to truth.

For neither youth, nor health, nor beauty,
Can from Time's stern clutches save ;
But all must drop, like leaves of autumn,
To the cold and silent grave :
Ay, we're dropping, never stopping,
To the cold and silent grave.

THE WAY-SIDE FLOWER.

THERE'S a moral, my child,
In the way-side flower,
There's an emblem of life
In its short-lived hour :
It smiles in the sunshine,
And weeps in the shower ;
And the footstep falls
On the way-side flower !

Now see, my dear child,
In the way-side flower,
The joys and the sorrows
Of life's passing hour ;
The footstep of time
Hastens on in its power ;
And soon we must fall
Like the way-side flower !

Yet know, my dear child,
That the way-side flower
Shall revive in its season,
And bloom its brief hour ;
That again we shall blossom
In beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls
On the way-side flower !

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

A SWISS boy of remarkable promise was refused by his father the necessary aid for prosecuting studies for which he had a strong predilection. The good pastor of the parish, in this emergency, came forward and furnished the necessary means; the boy was sent to the university, and in the course of time rose to the highest eminence among scientific men. His name has no superior in his department.

Many years had passed away, and the Swiss boy thus befriended was now, with place and pay equal to the distinction to which his studies had won, a resident of this Western world. He lived solitarily, amid plenty and luxury. But reverses had come upon his ancient friend, the benefactor of his youth. Religious persecution had visited his native canton, and the Swiss pastor, now an old man, had been driven from his flock, without home, or the means to procure one. The scholar lost no time in transmitting to the venerable man an invitation to share with him his purse and table; the invitation was accepted, and, added to the pleasure of having given to the world a man of science, the Swiss pastor had the happiness of proving in his own experience the truth of that divine promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it."

KEEP TRYING.

A GRACEFUL child my pathway cross'd,
As late I trod the busy street,
And lightly o'er her head she toss'd
A rope, which swiftly pass'd her feet!
I in her pleasure took a part,
And pleas'd, said I, addressing her,
"Of whom learn'd you this pretty art?"
She answer'd, "I kept trying, sir!"

THE BOYS AND THE MAYOR.

A FEW days since, two gentlemen were crossing Boston Common. In the distance they saw a lad with his back toward them, apparently cutting the newly painted fence around the "great tree." As they drew near, the boy ceased from his work and sought to hide it by placing his back against the fence. One of the gentlemen asked him what he had been doing. The boy was silent. He was requested to move; he did so, and the defaced paling was exposed. He was asked—"Did you cut that fence?" "*I did, sir,*" was the calm reply. He was rebuked for the deed, and promised to offend no more. As the gentlemen turned from the lad, one of them placed in his hand a quarter of a dollar, saying, "*Take this for telling the truth:*

never tell a lie, let the consequences be what they may." Tears sprang into the eyes of the boy as he received such a rebuke for the wrong, and such a reward for the right. But great was his surprise when he afterward learned that he had been reprov'd and rewarded by the Mayor of Boston. Few men know so well how to restrain the waywardness and encourage the noble qualities of youth.

Another boy was observed by a constable gathering grass on the Common, and was told by the officer that he must not take the grass. "Oh, but I must have it for my rabbits." "But you must not take it," said the officer. "I must have it," the boy replied. "Well," said the constable, "if you must have it, you must go and ask the Mayor." "Where is the Mayor?" asked the boy. He was directed to the City Hall, and told that he would find him there; so off he trudged to the City Hall, and by dint of inquiry found the Mayor, and was introduced to him. The Mayor inquired, "Well, my son, what do you want of me?" "I want some grass for my rabbits, sir." "How many rabbits have you?" "Two, sir." "But how do you expect to get grass of me?" "Why," said the boy, "I was getting grass on the Common, and they told me I must not have it, unless I would ask leave of you, sir." "Go," said the Mayor, "and tell the officer to let you have as much grass as you want."

HOW TO BE GREAT.

IN an old book that I have just been reading, is a list of men who have been called THE GREAT. Of this list, the name of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, stands at the head. Then comes Alexander the Great, the son of Philip of Macedon, who wept because there were no more people to make war upon, after he had subdued the whole world which was then known. He murdered his best friend, and died in a drunken frolic. Herod, the king of Judea, of whom we read in the New Testament, was called the Great, and he was great in wickedness, but he had no right to be called great on account of any thing he had ever done for the good of the country or the world. Pompey, the rival of Julius Cæsar, was called the Great, but was far from being as great a man as his rival. Then follow the names of Popes Leo and Gregory, Charlemagne, Alfred of England, and Peter of Russia, and many others who at different periods of the world have made a great figure and become famous.

Most men and a good many boys and some girls would like to become GREAT. The desire is almost universal in the human heart. But the most of those who have been called GREAT in different ages of the world, have not been so called out of regard to any virtues that

adorn their character, but rather in consequence of the power they have had over their fellow-men. Is this the highest style of greatness? Is this *true* greatness?

If you are just starting in life and have felt the desire of becoming great, I would not have you make Alexander, or Pompey, or Napoleon, your model men.

There are other and better men than any of these; who enjoyed more happiness while they lived and have left behind more blessings for the world. It is not likely that any of my young friends will ever become distinguished as kings, and I hope none of them will be known as warriors. Still I would encourage them all to become great. And to be great, I would have them first become good. True greatness must be built on goodness. You may rely upon it that any other foundation is a very poor one, no better than sand to build a house on. If you have real goodness of heart, and strive to bless the world by doing all the good you can while you are in it, you are in the road to greatness.

A young man once said, as he was leaving college, that he would make his influence to be felt on the other side of the globe. He was a good young man, and went to work immediately to try and do good to others. This young man died at the early age of thirty, but before this time he had succeeded in forming the first Missionary society in this country, and his in-

fluence had been felt all around the world. And it is felt. It will be felt till the end of time.

The way to be great is to be good and do good.

“Great, not like Cæsar, stain'd with blood,
But only great as I am good.”

I would rather be remembered in aftertimes as Samuel J. Mills, or Howard, or Wilberforce, or as Mrs. Fry, than to have all the glory of Alexander or Bonaparte.

MAKE YOURSELF.

WHEN the late Dr. John H. Rice, a great and good man, who served his generation and died in triumphant faith, was young, he was on a certain occasion introduced to the celebrated Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry took him kindly by the hand, and said, among other things, “Be sure, my son, and remember that the best men always make themselves.” The words were remembered by young Rice, and doubtless aided in making him the man he became. What did Mr. Henry mean by the expression, “the best men always make themselves?” He meant that those men who become eminent for intellectual and moral power, acquire that power by their own exertions. Those who rely upon their teacher to educate them, will never be educated.

They must educate themselves. Good teachers may give them some aid, but cannot do the work for them. They must do it themselves.

Does any young person, strongly desirous of "making himself," ask how shall I acquire intellectual and moral power? It is to be acquired by performing intellectual and moral acts. Ask your teacher what and how you shall study, and study hard. The more strength you lay out in study, the more strength you will have. Seek to know what is your duty, and do it with great fidelity. The more diligently you do your duty, the more strength you will have. The more vigorously you exercise your mind in study, thought, and action, the more rapidly will your mind increase in strength. Resolve to attain intellectual and moral strength. Let others strive to attain wealth and reputation. Be it your endeavour to be a strong man intellectually and morally; a powerful and faithful soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.



THE WELL-ORDERED HOUSEHOLD.

"Let all things be done decently, and in order."

A CHEERFUL household is that of Madam Von Amberg, and a busy one, too. Each member of it is up betimes in the morning, and all are busily engaged at some employment until evening. The lady often says:

"There is too much work to be done in the world to allow any one to sit idly by, and look on. Every man, woman and child has something to do; if not for themselves, to help a poor, over-burdened neighbour."

You must not think, however, that Madam Von Amberg is one of that very busy class of people, who overwork those under their control, with an unfeeling exactness, for this is not the case. A more sympathizing and affectionate heart than her's never beat in a human bosom, as all who know her can testify. She is the common friend of all; and the sad secrets of many hearts are unburdened to her, with the expectation of receiving sympathy, and what relief it is in her power to give: nor are any ever disappointed. Madam Von Amberg is a good illustration of the virtuous woman, whose character Solomon has drawn out in the last chapter of the Proverbs.

"She riseth, also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She seeketh wool and flax, and



C. Muller del.

Aug. Sptel's sc.

The well ordered household.

worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth in wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Just such a woman is Madam Von Amberg. She is not only diligent in the common business affairs of life, but also in the service of the Lord.

While she spins the flax or wool for the use of her own family, or for that of some poor and sick neighbour, and her daughter Gertrude sews by her side, she entertains and instructs them with pleasant and profitable conversation. The artist has given us a good idea of them while thus employed. The little Paul is rather young, yet, to appreciate all a good mother's conversations, or to be of much use in the household, and now he is engaged in a spirited ride upon his mimic horse, with his dog as a companion. He will become weary of this sport very soon, and then he will sit down by his mother and sister, and listen to their conversation,

and enter into many of their plans with quite as much pleasure as he now takes in his ride. The history of Katharine, the girl who is just bringing in a pile of newly-made linen for the madam's inspection, is an illustration of her benevolence. Shall I tell you her story?

One cold, stormy night, a knock was heard at the door of Mr. Von Amberg's kitchen. The servants started at the sound, for it seemed strange to them that any one should venture abroad on such a forbidding night; but when the door was opened, they were still more surprised to see a woman with a little child begging admittance.

"What shall we do? What will the madam say?" asked the girl who opened the door, and who had but lately become a member of the household.

"Why, tell her to come in, of course, Gretchen," said another, who was better acquainted with her mistress' habits. "Tell her to come in, and go and tell madam. She would say what you might not care to hear, if you were to turn any poor creature away from the door, especially on such a night as this."

So Gretchen invited her in and bade her sit by the fire with her child, and dry their wet clothes while she called the lady. The woman mechanically took the seat which was offered, and now that she had gained a comfortable shelter, she seemed to yield passively to the effects of cold and fatigue, and sank into a

stupor which she had hitherto exerted all her efforts to resist.

Madam Von Amberg went up to her, and said kindly :

“Good evening, friend. I am truly sorry that you have been so much exposed to the wet and cold ; but we will get some dry clothes for you, and I dare say you will soon feel quite comfortable.”

The woman opened her eyes languidly, but did not answer. Her child, a little girl two or three years old, began to cry. She drew the child up closer to her, and instinctively commenced humming, in a low tone, a plaintive cradle lullaby.

Madam Von Amberg gently removed the little one from her arms, and gave her into the care of one of the maids. Then, with her own hands, she prepared some warm gruel for the woman ; while Gretchen, assisted by another girl, replaced her wet garments with dry ones. After the gruel and a strengthening draught were administered, she was glad to lie down and soon fell into a profound slumber.

The next morning found her raving in the delirium of a fever. A physician was sent for, and every effort used for her recovery, but in vain. She died within a week from the night when she had applied for shelter.

“What will become of the child ?” asked Gretchen.

"Oh, madam will see to that," confidently replied the woman whom she addressed.

"But she is such a puny, miserable little creature, that madam would surely never be troubled with her," said Gretchen.

"Madam faithfully does all the work which the Lord gives her to do, whether it be easy or difficult, and without seeking for any earthly reward, either," answered the other with some spirit.

And it was true. Immediately after the mother's death, Madam Von Amberg took little Katharine in her arms, and carried her into a room where her husband sat reading.

"Whose child have you there?" he asked;—for he had just returned from a journey, and had scarcely seen the little girl or her mother.

"It did belong to that poor sick woman," replied Madam Von Amberg, "but as she is now dead, it seems to me that the Lord has left her to our charge."

"It will be too much of a care for you, Anna," said her husband, "and you had better not think of it."

Madam Von Amberg paused for a moment, and then said earnestly—

"The mother of the child is dead, and from the little I could learn during her illness, the father is dead, too; and they must have been very poor. We will try to find out whether there are any friends left to claim the little orphan; and if there are none, I hope you will let me

keep it. It seems as if the language of Providence says plainly : 'Take this child, and nurse it for me.' "

"Well, we will see about it," replied her husband, more than half consenting, and feeling entire confidence in her prudence as well as benevolence.

The necessary inquiries were made, but the few relatives of the child that remained were found to be very poor, and neither able nor desirous of taking charge of the little girl, and Madam Von Amberg received her husband's full permission to follow out the benevolent wishes of her heart. And she has well fulfilled the trust. Katharine has been rightly brought up, and has profited by the instructions which she has received. She is a child of God, and strives to follow the injunction of the apostle, by being "Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord." Madam Von Amberg feels, by her affectionate and dutiful behaviour, well repaid for all the trouble which Katharine has ever cost her.

This is one instance among many of the lady's well-directed benevolent exertions, and it must suffice ; while we turn again to her well-regulated household.

There is no bustle or confusion there, for every thing has its proper place, and each duty its proper time of performance, and these are never allowed to intrude upon, or interfere one with the other. In this way she manages to

accomplish more than many who *seem* to be more busy, and who are always surrounded by tumult and disorder.

Madam Von Amberg's disposition was not *naturally* thus industrious and orderly. In early childhood she was careless and impulsive, having no liking for useful employment; and she had fallen into the bad habit of beginning many and various pieces of work, but scarcely ever *completing* one. But she became a Christian while yet in her youth. Then she saw what a useless life she was leading, while there was so much to be done, and she became earnestly impressed with the desire of doing as much good as she could. It was a very difficult task for her to break through the idle and unsettled habits which she had formed, and to acquire habits of industry and order; but she knew that it would be utterly impossible for her ever to lead a useful life without doing this. And she prayed earnestly for divine assistance, and used constant and persevering efforts; and God heard her prayers, and blessed her efforts, making her what she is now.

She is not wealthy, yet by industry and prudence she always has it in her power to give to those who are in need. She has the care of a large family upon her, yet by diligence and good management she discharges all the household services that are required of her, and has sufficient time to devote to visits of cheering

sympathy to the poor and sick, and to the proper performance of all her religious duties.

Then, too, these good habits tend to her own happiness and that of her family; for there can be no comfort where irregularity and disorder prevail. Above all, she is following the commands of God, who has said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Who can tell how much good a woman of Madam Von Amberg's disposition and character may accomplish? The quiet and unobtrusive, but diligent discharge of all the little daily duties of life may seem not very important, but it is these that make up its comforts; and to perform these rightly, often requires more real strength of purpose than the daring acts of courage, to which ambition prompts men. Such a character sheds a brighter lustre upon the sphere in which it exerts itself, than if it was distinguished for a few brilliant deeds; and the meek and quiet spirit is far more in harmony with the precepts and example of our Saviour, than the heroic daring which wins worldly applause by a few splendid achievements.



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

DON'T tell me of to-morrow !

Give me the man who'll say,
Whene'er a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day."

We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait ;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow !

There is much to do to-day
That can never be accomplish'd
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty,
Who the future can foretell ?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well ?

Don't tell me of to-morrow !

If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last !
'To-day ! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth ;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

FIRE-SIDE STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

ONE evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of your's remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not. I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies!"

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, and commenced their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not our's." "But whose is it, father, if it is not our's?" "I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably, it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and"——

"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf; but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed; but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share, also, his goodness and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame.* Now, run to the baker, and bring

him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and"—"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbour, David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said, thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold:—A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the most honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing; I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and truly, it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

JAMES B. JONES.

JAMES B. JONES was a pious little boy, who feared and loved God when he was very young. God is so good to us, that we ought to love him. He gives us all that we have; he takes care of us night and day; he keeps us from being sick; he sent his Son Jesus Christ to save us from hell; and we cannot love him too much.

The thought of these things made little James, when he was about four years old, throw his arms round his father's neck, and kiss him, and say, "I love you, father, and I love God; and when I go to heaven I will kiss him too." This was the most simple and expressive way in which he could signify his love to God.

But though he did not at this time know every thing about God, still he could love him for his goodness. As he loved God, so he loved to think of heaven, where pious children see the Saviour face to face.

One day when he saw a sea-gull rise out of the sea, spread out its wings, and soar up to the sky—

"Look, look!" he said, "brother William, when I die, I shall fly up to heaven like that bird."

But children cannot go to heaven, unless they are made fit to go there. Little James could never fly up to heaven, as that sea-gull

flew up into the air, unless he learned to be sorry for sin, to trust in Christ, to do the will of God, and to pray often for his grace. But all this he learned. When he once forgot to pray in the morning, he could not be quiet and happy through all the day; and when he was ill, he often begged his father to pray with him, and he said he could not be comfortable without it.

His fear of God made him love to do right. If his father told him to do any thing, he did it. If he was told not to speak of any thing which he heard, he never spoke of it. If he was sent with a message, he took care to say nothing but what he was told to say; and he was never known by his father to tell one lie.

The longer he lived, the more he loved God: and at last he had such joy in God, as very few older Christians have; which made him say to his parents, "I am so happy, I know not what to do; God has done so much for me. The day of my death will be happier than the day of my birth; God loves me, and has pardoned all my sins. Who would have thought that God would be so kind to such a little boy as I am! I am happy, I am very happy!"

And so he passed away into glory, to be with Jesus Christ, in whom he trusted, when he was only nine years and nine days old.

AN ODD THOUGHT.

EDMUND ANDREWS was well known as a cruel boy. Cockchaffers, butterflies and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill-used by him in their turn; and many a reproof had he received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burlton's barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, busy with his pitch-kettle and iron, marking the sheep, which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B. for John Burlton.

"So you are putting your master's mark on the sheep, are you?" said Edmund, as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson; "but their Almighty Maker has put his mark upon them before."

"What do you mean?" said Edmund, looking at the shepherd inquiringly.

"I mean," replied Wilkinson, "that our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, has put marks upon all the creatures he has made, and such marks as none but he could put on them; he gave brown wings to the cockchaffer, spots to the butterfly, feathers to the bird, a sparkling eye to the frog and toad, a swift foot to the dog, and a soft, furry skin to the cat. These marks are his marks, and they show us

that these creatures belong to him ; and wo be to those who abuse them."

"That is an odd thought," said Edmund, as he began to walk away from the spot.

"It may be an odd thought," replied the shepherd, "but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act kindly to his creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better."

ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.

EDWIN was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers, pray what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin, smiling, "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so is it in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your

whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

“Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another.”

THE CALL.

“They that seek me early shall find me.”

CHILDREN, listen to the call,
Little children, one and all;
Jesus calls thee, come away,
Seek the strait, the narrow way.

Blessed Jesus ! he who died,
Scourged, reviled, and crucified ;
Jesus drank the cup for thee,
Hear his message—turn and flee.

Look, and see the crown of thorn,
Who but Jesus such hath worn ?
See his feet, his hands, his side,
The Lord of Life thus crucified.

Children, Jesus died for me ;
Little child ! he died for thee ;
'Tis our sins the Lord hath slain,
Shall his death be all in vain ?

Seek him—they that seek shall find,
Seek him with an earnest mind ;
Jesus Christ, the undefiled,
Waits to bless the humble child.

Seek him, ere it be too late,
Haste thee to the open gate ;
Earthly honours all are dross,
Seek the shelter of the cross.

THE FORGIVING SCHOOL-BOY.

IN a school in Ireland, one boy struck another ; and when he was about to be punished, the injured boy earnestly begged for his pardon. The master inquired why he wished to prevent so deserved a punishment ; to which he replied that he had read in the New Testament that Jesus Christ said we should forgive our enemies ; “ and I forgive him, and beg he may not be punished for my sake.”

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary-bird. It died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see that we can love any thing. Dear little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John. I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them toward his mother, "you may give them all away. If

I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should like then to have a garden. I wonder, mother, if there ever was such a garden."

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A *real* garden, mother?"

"I cannot say how real; but in the middle of it, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That garden is *heaven*. There you may love, and love for ever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, and without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

ONLY THIS ONCE.

"ONLY this once, mother. I should like to go once, just to see what it is like," said a youth about fifteen to his mother.

"No, my love," she replied. "You know that I do not approve of the theatre; you are not old enough to understand all the evils connected with it; but take my word for it,

Reginald, that it is the last place where, as a Christian child, you should ask to go ; and while you are under my roof, I cannot let you go."

"Oh ! you should let him go once," said a friend who was present. "I have made a rule of letting my children go once to every thing of this kind, and then they see what it is like, and can understand much better the reasons for keeping them away."

"Well, that is what I say," cried Reginald, eagerly ; "if mother would only let me go this once, I would not ask to go again."

Alas ! the specious argument worked upon the too yielding parent ; the permission to go that once was given, and what was the consequence ? The romantic, imaginative, excitable mind of the youth was so charmed, so riveted with the attractions of the stage, that his whole soul was engrossed with the tempting scene. His first acquaintance with the fascinations of theatrical representations only made him long to return again and again ; and finding his mother firmly resisted his wishes, he took opportunities of going unknown to her ; he became enamoured of the exciting scenes there enacted, and his mind could no longer settle down to his studies or enter into the sober realities of life. As he grew up he became a gay, dissipated young man ; his time was spent at the theatre and the opera ; he no longer enjoyed returning to the bosom of that happy family, where brothers and sisters were in the

sunshine of domestic joy—where a mother's tender look of love still seemed to woo him to leave the paths of dissipation and vice, and once more gladden her heart by returning to that Saviour whom he had forsaken, to that home which he had rendered desolate. No; the fatal plunge had been made, the fatal die had been cast; he had chosen the world, with its sinful allurements and pleasures; and the poor, sorrow-stricken parent was left to mourn in secret over the moment when she had been persuaded to yield to the pressing solicitation to let him go "but this once" to the theatre.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

FILIAL kindness is *always* beautiful. There is not a more touching picture in the Bible than that of Ruth, while answering the entreaties of her mother-in-law, Naomi, to return unto her own people: "Whither thou goest, *I will go*; and where thou lodgest, *I will lodge*—*thy* people shall be *my people*, and *thy* God *my* God. Where *thou* diest, *I will die*; and there will I be buried."

"I will never marry a man who does not treat his mother well," said a lively friend to us once. "And why not?" we queried. "If he is unkind to her to whom he is so deeply indebted," she replied, "what need one *expect*

from him, to whom he owes comparatively nothing?" There was sound philosophy in this remark. Most of our truly great men have been noted for the kindness, yea, *reverence* even, with which they have treated their mothers. Washington revered his—Roger Sherman treated his with the most marked attention; and it was one of the famous Judge Story's last requests, that he might be buried beside his mother in Mount Auburn. But filial respect and love is not often rewarded as in the following instance.

Gustavus III., king of Sweden, passing one morning through a village, in the neighbourhood of the castle, observed a young peasant-girl of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain at the way-side. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay, she lifted up her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said, "My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, colouring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her.

"I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas! sir," answered the venerable woman, "I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it for her good!" she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment, of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station; and, putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take good care of your mother; I shall enable you to do so more ef-

fectually. Good-by, my amiable girl, you may depend upon the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on her mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

WHILE some reject the Saviour's rule,
And turn from wisdom's way,
Wise children love their Sunday-school,
And keep the Sabbath day.

They do not idly rove the street,
Among the bad and bold,
But sit and learn at Jesus' feet,
As Mary did of old.

Oh happy they who thus refuse
The road by sinners trod ;
Who early learn and wisely choose
The path that leads to God.

Still may the words of sacred truth
Their earliest thoughts engage ;
These shall direct and guide their youth,
And these support their age.

EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

WHEN the late Rev. Robert Hall, of Bristol, England, was about six years of age, on starting from home on Monday, it was his practice to take with him two or three books from his father's library, that he might read them in the intervals between the school-hours. The books he selected were not those of mere amusement, but such as required deep and serious thought. Before he was nine years of age he had read the hard treatises of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, and a work called Butler's Analogy, on all of which he must have thought very much, or he could not have found so much pleasure in reading them. Before he was ten years old he had written many essays, principally on religion, and he often preached very sensibly to his brothers and sisters. Robert Hall grew up to be a great man. Everybody respected him for his fine talents, which he had nursed from his infancy; and even those who were so wicked as not to like his religion, admired his understanding. This was owing to his early diligence, and God's blessing upon it.

THE SMALL PLANETS AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

"I HAVE just been reading a book in which I met with this beautiful thought: 'As the small planets are nearest the sun, so little children are nearest to God.' I was so much pleased with it, that I send it in hopes that you will print it for others."

It is a beautiful thought, and there is truth in it; and we would love to have it before the minds of our young friends. "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," were the words of the Son of God. And the same Saviour said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And unless you are converted, you are wandering farther from God, every day you live, and farther from heaven. When the Lord takes *infants* out of this world, he takes them to himself. Like the small planets they are nearest to the centre of all light and joy and love; but if you are growing up in sin, and die in sin, where God is you cannot come.

If you would be near God always, you must be like him. You must turn from every evil way, and love the Saviour, who died that you might be pardoned and saved.

THE BOYS AND THE BALL.

A PLEASANT incident occurred in a public school some time since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbour's windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher; and on one of the citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the scholars, to advert to the principles involved in the case. The address had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports; the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one was present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visiter had left the school, a little boy arose from his seat and said, "Miss L., I knocked the ball that broke the window. Another boy threw the ball, but I hit it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it." There was a deathlike silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed. "But it won't be right for one to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us

that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!" "And I!" "And I!" A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

JAMES SIMPSON.

AMONG the recollections of my youth there are none more vivid than those of one whom I will call James Simpson, a young, and now an elderly man, whose years are not far from my own. He had been taught in his childhood by pious parents, and knew his duty as well as any boy of the school to which he and I were sent when we were about a dozen years old. James had a tender conscience. He would not do the wrong thing when he knew what was right; and though the other boys sometimes laughed at his squeamishness, as they called it, he said that if the boys laughed at him, God was pleased with him, and he thought that of more consequence.

I recollect a Saturday afternoon when we were all off in the woods gathering chestnuts, and had received permission to gather as many as we wanted in the woods of Mr. Richards, but not finding them as abundant there as we expected, we were quite disposed to cross the

hill, and try the trees on the farm of another man, to whom we had made no application. The whole party agreed to it except James and one other. They stood out decidedly, and when it was urged that the owner would have no objection to our getting them, James, who was always ready with a reason, said that was an argument against stealing them. It would be wrong to take them, he said, from a man who was stingy, and surely it would be wrong and very mean to take them without leave from a man who would give them to us if we should ask him.

"Yes," the rest said, "but who is going to ask him? It is more than a mile down to his house, and nobody will go that far to ask for chestnuts."

"I will go," said James, "if you will all promise to stay here till I come back; or if you are in such a hurry to get the nuts, just look out for me, and when I come out of the lane down there at the foot of the hill, if I swing my cap, you may start, and I will come on and get as many as I want."

"Agreed! agreed!" they all cried, and away went James on the full run down hill. He was not long on the way; he did not let the grass grow under his feet; and it was not more than twenty minutes before he made his appearance swinging his hat with all his might. The boys set up a shout that he might have heard, and were just starting off for the woods, when one

of them said he thought it too bad to leave Jimmy come on alone, when he had taken so much trouble for them. This was received with general applause, and we all ran down to meet him, and when we overtook him, he met us with a face beaming with smiles, and said the old farmer told him we might get as many as we liked, only we must not break our necks. This we had no notion of doing, and after we had picked as many as we could well carry home, we left, and, tired with our afternoon's work, trudged back to school.

As we were walking homeward, with less excitement than we came up, one of the boys said the chestnuts were very heavy.

"But they are not so heavy," said James Simpson, "as they would have been, if we had 'hooked' them."

"Right for you, and you are always right, or about right," the other answered, and by common consent it was agreed, that in all future expeditions, we would respect the rights of property, and never enter even the woods of a man, to get his fruit, without first gaining his permission.

Now this incident was a very simple one, but it had a very strong and a very lasting effect upon the whole school. Not one of those boys but thought more of James Simpson than they did before, and all of them felt that the way to be happy and take real comfort in the pursuit of pleasure, was to do right.

But James and the rest of us, (except one bright fellow, the merriest of that chestnut party, who died in the South, where he went as a clerk when he was sixteen years old,) with this exception, and I drop a tear as I write, we all grew up to be men. James went into business, and the same strict regard for the rights of others has marked him all the way through life, and gained for him the confidence of the whole community. He gave his time to his employers with the most scrupulous integrity, for he said to himself, and sometimes he ventured to make the remark to those who were with him in the store, it was quite as wrong to take an employer's *time* as it was to take his money.

This was being faithful in that which was the least, and a lad who would not cheat an employer out of a minute of time, would not be likely to neglect his interests or waste his money. This was observed, and it laid the foundation for that great success in business and that eminent reputation for integrity that now distinguishes him among the merchant-princes of the day. He may, or he may not, have forgotten his early school-mate, who took quite a different turn in life, and became a gospel-preacher, and now writes this sketch of old times, but if his memory of the past is as good as mine, he will not fail to recall the chestnuts and his run down hill.

Boys, there is a lesson in this for you, and I reckon that you will learn it, without the aid

of a sermon to help you. Be honest and true. Do the right thing in matters that appear small, and form *a habit of integrity*. Not because this is the best policy, though we know it is: but be honest, because God loves honesty, and it is right.

ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

Don't be eye-servants. Never slight or slacken your hand because the eye of your parent or teacher is not upon you—but strive to be more studious, more orderly, more persevering, more dutiful and obedient. Remember the eye of God is upon you, the Searcher of all hearts, who will bring every secret thought, word and action into judgment. Some children are loose, idle, slack, play truant, act the hypocrite, slight their work, or neglect it entirely, unless they are watched, drilled, and driven—*driven* to their duty! Shameful! Do such children honour their parents? Are they happy? Is not God angry with them every day? Children, God says, “Obey your parents in all things,” yes, “in *all* things, for this is well pleasing in the sight of the Lord.”

Never tease. When your parents or teachers say “*nay*,” be still; say, “*Amen*; all right; father knows best. I submit cheerfully, without a scowl or murmur.” A spirit of teasing is a

spirit of selfishness and rebellion. It is as much as to say, "Father, I'll have my way. I know best. Mother, I know better than you, let me do as I please."

Be neat. Jack Spruce was a neat boy. He had a brush for his clothes, and kept them clean and nice. He would not run out into the mud, and thus splash his clothes and wet his feet, nor did he kick up the dust; and when he came in, he would rub his feet on the mat, and hang up his hat upon his own hook. No one saw him with dirt on his hands, nor with a rough head of hair, so he was at all times fit to be seen. He did not tear his book or blot it, or ink his hands at school.

THE GREEN PASTURES.

I WALK'D in a field of fresh clover this morn,
Where lambs play'd so merrily under the
trees,
Or rubb'd their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the hedge ran a clear water brook,
To drink from when thirsty, or weary with
play;
And so gay did the daisies and butter-cups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy
all day.

And when I remember the beautiful psalm
That tells about Christ and his pastures so
green ;

I know he is willing to make me his lamb,
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flows in his field, I for ever shall live ;
If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfil,
A place in his sheepfold to me he will give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they
play ;

The long summer's day in contentment they
spend ;

But happier I—if in God's holy way,
I try to walk always, with Christ for my
friend.

MY MOTHER!

“WHAT would I give,” said the talented
Charles Lamb, “to call my mother back to
earth for one day, to ask her pardon upon my
knees, for all those acts by which I gave her
gentle spirit pain!”

Remember this, children, and be kind to your
mothers.

THE TWIN-DAUGHTERS.

HERE is a very pretty story of a little girl. Perhaps you have read it before, but it will do you good to read it again.

"A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day *to make others happy*, found a young twin-daughter silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' Still the little bright face was bowed down in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little child said, timidly, 'A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a baby brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face on the same book and cried with her. Then she looked up and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why, she said I had done her so much good.'"

But the little girl who was weeping because her brother was dead, knew very well why it did her good. It is better to weep with those that weep, than to laugh with those that are glad. You are young now, and do not feel the sorrows of others, and have none of your own; but you may find pleasure in trying to do good

in a thousand ways, and you will never be so happy as when you are striving to lighten the sorrows of others, or to increase their joys.

Not far from my house is the low dwelling in which an old couple of coloured people live. They have long been unable to take care of themselves, and the neighbours are in the habit of seeing to their wants. The other day I saw a little boy carrying a pail of water in, and when I called, I asked the old woman if Johnny Jameson was willing to wait on her in that way. "Oh yes," said she, "he is a dear, good boy; he comes every morning, and brings in the water and makes a little fire, and puts on the tea-kettle; and he is such a nice handy little creature, that I do love him 'most to death."

This was very good in Johnny, and when I met him on going out I gave him a sixpence, and he thanked me for it with a smile, and then said that he would give it to old Nancy; it would get her something nice for dinner. A right good boy Johnny is, and, if he grows up with a love to do good to others, he will become a noble and useful man. He is now only ten years old, but he is known in all the houses of the poor around here as one of the best friends they have.

His sister goes every afternoon, and reads the Bible and good books to these old people, and they think that she is a young angel. They never could read, and now they are made happy by hearing her sweet voice as she reads the Psalms and those parts of the Bible that

are so well suited to give comfort to the afflicted.

Her name is Mary. Do you know that this word Mary comes from a word in the old Hebrew tongue that means a *tear-drop*? and if her name has such a meaning as this to it, how much it should be like her to feel for those who are not blessed with the comforts which she enjoys. Mary ought to be gentle, and kind, and tender-hearted; she ought to be like the Mary in the Bible, who loved to sit at the feet of Jesus and hear the words of salvation as they fell from his holy lips.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

“OH! MOTHER, I’ve been with an angel to-day;
I was out alone in the garden at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I play’d and I play’d till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest by the side of a yew;
While the birds sang so sweetly high up in its
top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would
stop.
Thus a long while I sat gazing up in the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if—‘Come, O brother!’ it said.

And there, right up in the top of the tree,
O mother! an *angel* was beckoning to me!

And 'Brother,' once more, 'Come, O brother,
er,' he cried,

And flew on light pinions close down by my
side;

And mother, oh, never was being so bright,
As the one which then beam'd on my wonder-
ing sight;

His cheeks were as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me, so melting with
love,

Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove.

And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And murmur'd so sweetly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for
thee.'

And then on my forehead he tenderly press'd
Such kisses—oh, mother! they thrill'd through
my breast

As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the dark
sky;

While his breath, floating round me, was soft
as the breeze

That play'd in my tresses, or rustled the trees.
At length on my head a deep blessing he pour'd,
Then plumed his bright pinions, and upward he
soar'd;

Up, up he went through the blue sky so far,
He seem'd to float there like a glittering star;
Yet still my eyes follow'd his radiant flight,
Till lost in the azure, he pass'd from my sight.
Then, oh, how I fear'd, as I caught the last
gleam

Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices murmur'd once more from the
tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!''

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must
depart;

That his bright locks must fade in the dust of
the tomb,

Ere the autumn winds wither'd the summer's
rich bloom.

Oh, how his young footsteps she watch'd day
by day,

As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seem'd shed o'er
his face,

And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!

"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to
your breast,

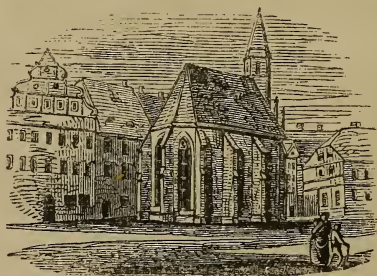
On that gentle pillow again let me rest—

Let me once more gaze up in your dear, loving
eye,

And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die;

But kiss me, dear mother, oh, quickly, for see,
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh! wild was the anguish that thrill'd through
her breast,
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she
press'd ;
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading
eye,
As it strove to meet her's, e'er the fair boy
could die.
“ I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight,
But I hear your low sobbings, dear mother,
good-by ;
The angels are waiting to bear me on high ;
I will wait for you there, but oh, tarry not
long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my
song.”
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasp'd on
his breast,
While his pale face sank down on its pillow of
rest ;
Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.



THEY SHALL NOT BLUSH FOR THEIR
FATHER.

Two men had entered into an agreement to rob one of their neighbours. Every thing was planned. They were to enter his house at midnight, break open his chests and drawers, and carry off all the gold and silver they could find.

"He is rich, and we are poor," said they to each other, by way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. "He will never miss a little gold, while its possession will make us happy. Besides, what right has one man to all of this world's goods?"

Thus they talked together. One of these men had a wife and children, but the other had none in the world to care for but himself. The man who had children went home and joined his family, after agreeing upon a place of meeting with the other at the darkest hour of the coming night.

"Dear father," said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, "I'm so glad you have come home."

The presence of the child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away; but his arms clung tighter about his neck, and he laid his face against his cheek, and said in a sweet and gentle voice—

"I love you, father."

Involuntarily the man drew the innocent and loving one to his bosom and kissed him.

There were two older children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked daily to keep up the supply of bread, made deficient more through the idleness of the father than from lack of employment. These children came in soon after their father's return, and brought him their earnings for the day.

"Oh, father!" said the boy, "such a dreadful thing has happened. Henry Lee's father was arrested to-day for robbing. They took him out of our shop, when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was so sad when I saw Henry weeping. And he hung his head for shame—for shame of his own father! Only think of that."

The man did not reply to the words of his son, but turned his face partly away to conceal its expression.

"Ashamed of his father!" thought he. "And will my children hang their heads, also, in shame! No, no. That shall never be!"

At the hour of midnight the man who had no children was waiting at the place appointed, for him whose children had saved him. But he waited long in vain. Then he said—

"I will do the deed myself, and take the entire reward."

And he did according to his word. When the other man went forth to his labour on the next

day, he learned that his accomplice had been taken in the act of robbery, and was already in prison!

“Thank heaven for virtuous children!” said he with fervour. “They have saved me. Never will I do an act that will cause them to blush for their father.”

REVERENCE FOR AGE.

REVERENCE is always due to aged people. God, nature, and a proper education say to the young, Reverence old age. Gray hairs are a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness.

I love the youth who reverences the aged always, and whoever they are. O youth, revere thy aged friend; respect those silver locks so whitened by the toiling hardships of many long years.

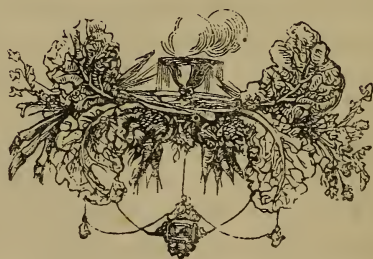
Carry thyself kindly and reverently toward the infirm and old, tottering onward to the tomb in bereaved loneliness, and though for it thou be singular from the thousands of youths about thee, badly trained on this point, God shall bless thee for it.

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

DID you ever hear the story of Little Tommy? Abraham Croft was Tommy's father. Abraham Croft had a father who was very fond of him, and very kind to him. One day the old man said to his son, "Abraham, I wish to give you this house and garden, and these acres of land, and all I will ask of you is, that you will let me live with you, and take care of me while I live." "Oh, very well," said Abraham; "I will." When Abraham got the house and land, he thought himself a great man. He married, and had cows and horses and carts. The old man went out every morning to the garden, and worked all day for his son, as long as he had strength, and was always very glad to see his son happy. Abraham had, after a time, a son, whom his parents called Tommy. As he grew up, he became very fond of his grandfather. In the evening he climbed his knee, as he sat by the fire, and asked him to tell him stories. In the day he went to the garden, where his grandfather was digging, to watch the little worms as he turned them up with his spade, and to look at the robins picking them up. The old man caught a bad cold, and coughed very much. He was not able to work, so he was obliged to remain in the house, in bed, or at the fire, to keep himself warm. Tommy's

mother soon became very cross to the old man : he gave, she said, so much trouble, and took up so much room ; getting his breakfast and dinner took up so much of her time, and that he was good for nothing. His son also became very cold in his manner, and did not speak to him ; and one day, when something annoyed him, he said to his old father, "How can people be bothered with you here? You ought to go to the workhouse." The old man felt his son's words cutting him to the heart ; he was very uncomfortable ; he rose up from the fire, took his stick, and tried to make his way into the garden. He sat down in an old house that was cold and damp ; he got a fit of coughing, and became sick, and was pained in heart. Tommy went out after him, and when he saw him he was very sorry. "Go in, Tommy," said the old man, "and bring me out the quilt that is on the bed, and I will put it about me and go to the workhouse." Poor little Tommy went with a heavy heart, sobbing all the way, and he thought his heart would break. As he was going for the quilt he met his father. "Where are you going?" said he. "I am going for grandfather's quilt to put about him, as he says he is going to the workhouse." "Let him go," said Abraham ; "the workhouse is the proper place for him." Tommy got the quilt, and brought it to his father, and said, "Father, cut this in two for me." "What for?" said the father. "Because," said he, "half of it will be enough for grand-

father, and the other half will do for you when I am a man, and turn you out of my house.” “What!” said Abraham, “my own son to turn me out! But I am turning my father out!” He hung down his head, and tears fell from his eyes. He went to the garden, and said “Oh, father, will you forgive me, and all the days of your life I will be a kind son to you? Come and take your seat at the table, and your own place at the fire.” His good old father forgave him, and kissed him. Tommy’s heart danced when he saw and heard what had passed. The old man came in, and tried to be cheerful; but he did not live long. Unkindness had broken his heart. He went to his bed: his little Tommy was always at his bedside. The last thing the old man saw was Tommy weeping, and the last sounds he heard were words of kindness from Tommy’s lips. He gave Tommy his blessing, and closed his eyes in death. Dear children, pray to God to make you always kind to your parents, who are so good to you.



THE HEAVENLY LAMB.

A MESSAGE FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

DID you ever spend a happy day? Perhaps you will answer, "I have spent a great many happy days." What made those days so happy? Was it that you went into the country to play on the green grass? Or was it that you had a new book? or was it that you saw again your kind grand-mother? Or your eldest sister, who is away from home? Or your eldest brother, who is gone to sea? I do not know what made you happy on your happy days. I am going to tell you of a happy day which two men spent. I think you will say, "It must have been a happy day."

Once there was a good man who preached to a great many people. He wore only coarse clothes, and did not preach in a pulpit, but under a tree, or by the water-side. His name was John; there were some men who liked to be with him, and these men were called his disciples. Once he was standing in the country, with two of his disciples, when he saw a man walking along a little way off. When John saw this man he looked at him, and then said to his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God." What did John mean? Was it a lamb he saw? No, it was a man. Why did he call him a

lamb? I will tell you why. That man was God as well as man; he was the Son of God, and he had come down from heaven to die—yes, to die for our sins. God the Father sent him down to die for us, that we might not go to hell, and be punished for ever and ever. The Son of God was like a sweet and gentle lamb, and was willing to die for us, though he had done no sin. How much pleased John was to see him! John loved him, and he wished his disciples to love him too.

One of those two disciples was called Andrew. I do not know the name of the other. If you had been Andrew, what would you have done when you heard John say, "Behold the Lamb of God?" I think I hear you answer, "I would have gone after that gentle Lamb." That is what Andrew did. The two disciples went after the Son of God. His name was Jesus. While they were walking behind him, Jesus turned and said to them, "Whom seek ye?" How kind it was in the Son of God to speak to these poor men! They answered, "Master, where do you live?" Jesus said, "Come and see." Was not this kind? The two men went to the house where Jesus lived. Did he ask them to come in? Yes, he did, and he let them stop with him all the rest of the day.

Must not that have been a happy day? It was a day spent with the Son of God. You never spent such a day as that. Yet Jesus

could make you happy every day, for he can come into your heart. Should you not like to see the house where Jesus lived when he was in this world? I cannot show you that, but I can tell you where Jesus is now. He is in heaven. If you wish to see him, ask him to take you there when you die. He is very kind, and hears children when they pray to him.

I have a little more to tell you about Andrew. He loved Jesus so much that he wanted his brother to know him too. He had a brother called Simon, and he said to him, "We have found the Christ." It was Jesus that he meant; he called him the Christ. Simon did not know where Jesus lived, but Andrew did, and he showed his brother the way. How pleasant it is when brothers are kind to each other! As soon as Jesus saw Simon, he knew who he was without being told, and he knew the name of his father, too, and he said, "Thou art Simon, the Son of Jonas." Jesus knows the name of every one. He knows your name, and your father's name, and your mother's name. Jesus gave Simon a new name; he called him Peter.

Dear child, what are you like? Are you a child of God, or a child of the wicked one? If you are a child of God you are like a gentle lamb, and Jesus is your Shepherd, and carries you in his arms. If you are a child of the evil one, then you are like the evil one. How wicked he is! He loves sin, and hates God.

I love the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be ;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was, and kind ;
I love beside his cross to stay,
I love the grave where Jesus lay ;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise ;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down ;
I love to think the time will come,
When I shall be with him at home.



LILLY IN THE SULKS.

I KNOW a little girl, not more than twelve years old, who is a great favourite with her young friends, and would be all that her parents desire, were it not for one fault. She is very pleasant when she can have her own way, and is so full of fun and frolic, that it is sunshine all day when Lilly is near; but she must have her own way, or she gets the sulks.

Do you know what "*the sulks*" are?

"No, I do not. I never heard of the sulks."

Well, I will tell you of Lilly and one of her capers; and I think you will know what I mean, when you see how Lilly can act sometimes when she cannot do just exactly as she would like.

It was Lilly's birthday. She was eleven years old. With great pleasure she had looked forward to that day for many weeks, for her kind mother had promised her that on that day she should have a ride into the country, and have a number of her playmates for company. There is a beautiful lake about four miles from the house, and there it was arranged that Lilly and her young friends should go about three o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant day of June, and taking with them the tea-things, they were to have a fine time of it under the shade of the trees and on the banks of the pleasant sheet of water. The family carriage would

easily take six little girls, and the driver was a good trusty man, who would see that no harm come to the children while they were on their frolic.

Now this was certainly a lovely prospect, and no wonder that Lilly set her heart upon it. It was to be her party, and on her birthday; and she was to ask the girls, and take them in her father's carriage, and have a tea-party, and a ride, and a frolic, and all out in the woods, by the side of the lake. She was quite as much excited as the May Queen who wanted her mother to call her so early in the morning when she was to be crowned.

The birthday came. Yes it did come at last, though Lilly began to think it never would come, it was so slow. But it came with a storm of rain! It was cool and cloudy the day before, and in the course of the night it began to rain. And when Lilly rose the next morning, it was coming down in a slow, steady, cold storm, that promised to keep right on in the same dismal way all day, and more too.

Lilly was angry at the rain. She said it always rained when she wanted to go anywhere, and never rained when the other children's birthday came. Then she began to pout and grow sullen, and then sank down into what we call *the sulks*. She didn't wish anybody to speak to her, or to speak to any one. She went up-stairs after breakfast, and sat down on a chair by the window, and looked out into the

rain, with swollen eyes, red cheeks, and a hard complaining heart. Her mother came up to try and comfort her by telling her that it would be pleasant to-morrow, and she should go then, if she behaved well to-day; but she was too sulky to be satisfied with any such arrangement, and her mother then told her that her conduct was such as greatly displeased her parents, and must be very displeasing to God. Still she was sulky, refusing to say a word, even in her own defence.

Lilly's father came home, and asking for his daughter, was told that she had shut herself in her room in a fit of the sulks. He went upstairs, and without asking her any questions as to the state of her feelings, set before her with much plainness the sinfulness of her conduct, and the misery it must bring with it so long as she continued to give way to this disagreeable temper. "And now, Lilly, my daughter," said he, "I do not ask you if you are sorry, for I see that you are not. You are still murmuring at the providence of God, and are provoked that you cannot have your own way. You are a wicked girl, and must be punished. And I shall punish you by letting you have your own way. You have chosen to come up here into your bedroom, and have nothing to do with the rest of the family, who would be glad to enjoy the day in-doors with you. You might be happy with them, and have your party some other day; but as you have preferred *to be sulky*,

and sit here by yourself, you will now stay where you are till to-morrow morning. I will see that your dinner and supper are sent up to you, and you can go to bed when you are ready; but I hope not till you have repented of your sinful feelings and actions. To-morrow morning you can come down, if you feel better. But if you rise with the same sulky disposition that you have now, you may stay here till I call for you."

Lilly was struck with surprise at this sentence passed upon her by her father, and she burst into tears. She thought she had a right to *feel* just as badly as she pleased, if she only did not hurt anybody else. But she was now taught that her heart was wrong, and she was punished for *feeling* wickedly as well as for acting as no good child would act. Her father paid no attention to her tears, but left her to cry it out, and then to reflect upon her conduct.

It was a long and sad birthday for little Lilly. About the middle of the afternoon she began to reason with herself in this way:—"I am a very naughty girl to be fretting all to myself because it rains when I want to go out. God makes it rain, and God is good. He knows what is best. I ought to be ashamed of acting so, and I do feel ashamed. I wonder now, if God will forgive me for being such a naughty girl."

After she had thought so for some time she

kneeled down, and prayed that God would give her a new heart, and forgive her for being so ungrateful and wilful.

She rose from her knees with a more cheerful spirit than she had felt since it began to rain. But as it would not be right for her to venture down-stairs, she got her sewing and worked away for a while, and then read some; and as the shades of evening drew on, she laid aside her book and thought again and long of the sinfulness of her conduct, and resolved that she would hereafter try to be a better girl.

Lilly went to bed early. It was hard work to keep up, and she was quite willing to hide her head under the clothes and go to sleep.

At breakfast next morning, she made her appearance with a bright face and sweet smile. As she kissed her parents, she said she would never be such a wicked girl again, and I think she has improved greatly within a few months past.

But the great fault with Lilly is that when her parents tell her that she must not do something on which her heart is set, she at once puts on a sorry face, and looks cross, and sometimes speaks very unpleasantly, so that her parents are grieved, and no one who sees her is pleased with her.—If any of the readers of this story are in the habit of pouting when they cannot have their own way, I beg them to reform without any delay. It is a very bad habit, and is very offensive to their friends, and to God.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

“EARLY to bed, and early to rise”—
 Ay, note it down in your brain,
 For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
 And uproots the weeds of pain.
 Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
 Who sigh for a softer bower,
 Try what can be done in the morning sun,
 And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost
 By delaying its work till to-morrow;
 The minutes of sloth have often cost
 Long years of bootless sorrow.
 And ye who would win the lasting wealth
 Of content and peaceful power,
 Ye who would couple labour and health,
 Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
 Yet, alas! too often break them;
 We mock at the wings of this master of kings,
 And think we can overtake them.
 But why loiter away the prime of the day
 Knowing that clouds may lower?
 Is it not safer to make life's hay
 In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on earth's green
breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And the rich breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the
sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh, pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate,
To sum up our figures, or plough up our ground,
And weave out the threads of fate.
The eye looketh bright, and the heart keepeth
light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When, ready and brave, he chains time as his
slave,
By the help of the early hour.

THE CROCODILE.

Do boys and girls know that the big oak was
once a little twig—an acorn? That the mon-
strous elephant in the menagerie was once as
little as one of themselves? Do the boys know
that the drunken man who was taken to the
workhouse to-day in poverty and raggedness

and disgrace, had once the control of his appetite, and could drink or refrain, just as he chose? But he did not choose to refrain, and now his habits have grown stronger than his resolutions, and he is disgraced, and will very likely die so. He is now like the big oak—his habits are fixed and shaped. So with that Sabbath-breaker. He began by trespassing a little on the Lord's day, and now he is a confirmed despiser of God's commandment.

Do any of my readers ask, Are we in danger? I answer, most assuredly if you do not love and obey God. Your habits will grow just as the oak grew, or the elephant. Soon,—unless you conquer them now,—they will be too strong for you. Yes, you may yet be sent to the workhouse by the growth of habits which are now as small as the acorn. Nay, you may die and even be lost, by the destructive power of an appetite which is now but a twig in strength. What then? Why, determine to resist all habits in the growth of which there is danger. Cultivate nothing which, if matured, would grow too strong for you. Habits are, in some respects, every thing. They make or unmake us. They bless or curse the grown-up man or woman. And yet they may now be controlled and even fashioned into a shape to do us good. Come, then, to this resolution, to trample upon and destroy them, before they get strength to destroy you.

THE CROCODILE.

(A Fable, for little folks and great ones too.)

ON the banks of the fertile and many-mouth'd
Nile,

A long time ago lived a fierce crocodile,
Who round him was spreading a vast desolation,
For bloodshed and death seem'd his chief occupation ;

'Twas easy to see

No pity had he ;

His tears were but water—there all could agree.

The sheep he devour'd, and the shepherd, I
ween ;

The herd fear'd to graze in the pastures so
green,

And the farmer himself, should he happen to
meet him,

The monster ne'er scrupled a moment to eat him.

There never before

Was panic so sore,

On the banks of the Nile, as this creature
spread o'er.

Wherever he went, all were flying before him,
Though some in their blindness thought fit to
adore him ;

But as they came near, each his suit to prefer,
This god made a meal of his base worshipper.

By day and by night

It was his delight

His votaries to eat—it was serving them right.

Grown proud of his prowess, puff'd up with
success,

The reptile must travel—how could he do less?
So one fine summer morning, he set out by
water,

On a pleasure excursion—his pleasure was
slaughter!

To Tentyra's isle,

To visit awhile,

The careless inhabitants there to beguile.

Though the Tentyrites thought themselves able
before

To conquer each monster that came to their
shore,

Yet now they, with horror, were fain to confess,
That this crocodile gave them no little distress.

So in great consternation,

A grand consultation

Was called to convene, of the heads of the
nation.

It met; but, alas! such the terror and fright,
They fail'd to distinguish the wrong from the
right;

When just at this crisis, an Ichneumon small
Stept forth on the platform, in front of them all,
With modesty winning,
To give his opinion
Of measures and means to secure the dominion.

“Grave sirs,” said he, bowing, “I see your
distress,
And your griefs are, I fear me, past present
redress;
Yet still, if to listen should be your good
pleasure,
I think I can help you, at least, in a measure :
For ’tis my impression,
A little discretion
Than valour itself is a far greater blessing.

“No doubt, ’tis a noble and great undertaking,
Great war on a mighty great foe to be making;
But still, I assure you, ’tis better by far
Not to let this great foe become mighty for war.
While the crocodile lies
In an egg of small size,
To crush him at once you should never despise.

“You see me before you, a poor, feeble creature;
Yet I cope with this monster—for such is my
nature,
And while you have met here in grand consulta-
tion,
This one crocodile to expel from the nation,

I thought it a treat
 For breakfast to eat
 A dozen or more, which I happen'd to meet."

And now that my fable is pretty near ended,
 I think there should be a brief moral appended;
 Beware how you let evil habits grow up:
 While feeble and young, you to crush them may
 hope;

But let them remain
 Till strength they attain,
 You may find your best efforts to conquer them
 vain.

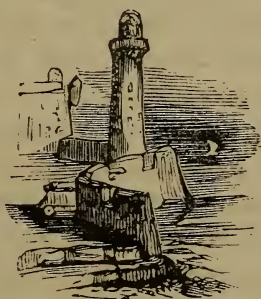
THE LATE PRESIDENT POLK AT COLLEGE.

SOME boys think that whatever habits they have at school or college, they can easily throw them off when the time comes. A little indulgence in morning naps, or a little tardiness in attendance upon lessons, will not be of much consequence one way or the other, they think. Perhaps it will turn out to have much more influence upon the character than they suppose.

The biographer of the late President Polk says that "he was distinguished at college for laborious application to his studies, and by a strict conformity to the regulations of the institution. *He was always present at recitations,*

and invariably attended morning and evening prayers in the chapel."

How much these excellent habits had to do with his future history we have no means of determining exactly; but it is clear that some very manifest qualities commended him to public confidence, for we are told that at the age of twenty-six he was clerk of the Legislature of Tennessee; at twenty-eight, a member of the body; at thirty, he was elected to Congress, and continued a member of the House of Representatives for fourteen years, during the last four of which he was its speaker; at forty-four, he was chosen Governor of Tennessee; and at forty-nine, President of the United States—the youngest of all who have filled that chair. Early habits are the elements of future character.



TWO STORIES OF THE BLIND.

My heart has been touched by the stories that I am about to tell you. They are about two children who lost their sight; and when you read them, I would have you thank God that you have eyes to see with, while you remember, that if you should lose your sight you should not murmur, for God doeth all things well.

THE BLIND BOY.

Once there was a good little boy in Scotland, about eight years old, who took the small-pox; and when he grew better it was found it had shut up both his eyes, so that he could see nothing. He had been such a gentle, good boy, that all the family loved him, and led him about, and were very kind to him. He had a little sister Annie, twelve years old, who used to find amusements for him, and when warm weather came she would take him to walk in the country.

One day they took a long walk, and sat down at the foot of a great tree. "Annie," said James, "what a pleasant day this is! The air feels so soft and so warm to my face. I hear the brook racing over the smooth stones, and the sheep and lambs bleat. How I wish I could see them again! Hark! there is a thrush singing over our heads. Oh! how beautiful it

used to be to sit down here, and look to the far-away hills and the clear blue sky, and see the mill yonder, and the pretty ducks in the pond! Ah, Annie, I think I shall never see these things again."

Then the little boy thought how dismal it would be to be always blind and dark, and felt so helpless and sad; and he began to cry. "Don't cry, Jamie," said his dear sister; "may-be you'll see yet. There was Daniel Scott, you know, had the small-pox, and was blind for weeks; but he got well, and now he sees as well as anybody. Besides, you know," said she, "God will do right about it, as dear mother says; and if he leaves you to be blind, will make you happy some other way. Besides, we all do what we can for you; and I will read to you, and it will not be so bad."

But poor James kept thinking of his misfortune, and sat down with his head bent upon his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and kept on crying. The flood of tears pressed their way between his eyelids, which had been fastened together, and when he lifted up his head he cried out, "Oh, Annie, I can see! There's the brook, and the mill, and the sheep! Oh how glad I am!" Annie was as joyful as he, and hurried him to return home so as to tell the good news; but James could hardly walk, for he wanted so to look about him. "Oh!" said he, "how little do children know of the blessing of sight! If

they had only lost it awhile, like me, they would never cease to thank God for eye-sight."

You may think how pleased they all were at home. At night, when the father prayed in the family, and came to thank God for restoring dear little James, he wept for joy. James soon got his sight completely, and when he grew up to be a man, he never forgot to be grateful to his Heavenly Father that he was not always blind.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Alice was sitting up, and was so anxious for our coming, and so happy at the thought of seeing once more, that she had quite a rosy colour in her cheeks. The doctor looked at her very sadly, and said, "How d'ye do" to her, with a very soft and kind voice.

She seemed hardly to hear him, but said very quickly, with a pleasant smile, "Now, doctor, must I take off the handkerchief?" and raised her hand to take out the pin which fastened it.

'Not yet, my dear,' said the doctor, taking hold of her hand; "I wish to say something to you first. I fear, Alice, that you are going to be very much disappointed. You have no idea how very bad your eyes are. They give you no pain, and therefore you think there cannot be much the matter with them; but, my dear child, those are not the worst diseases of

the eye which give the most pain. You think that this handkerchief keeps you from seeing ; but I am afraid when I take it off you will see very dimly—very dimly indeed—nay, Alice, I may as well tell you all—I fear that at present, at least, and perhaps for many days to come, you will not see at all.”

As Dr. Franks spoke, the smile had gone from Alice’s lip, and the colour from her cheek ; so that when he was done, instead of the bright, happy face she had when we came in, she was looking very pale and very sad. She seemed to have forgotten the handkerchief, her hands hung down in her lap, and she did not speak a word.

Both the doctor and I were much grieved for her, and Mrs. Scott’s tears fell upon her head, as she stood leaning over the back of her chair. Alice did not weep—indeed, she seemed quite stunned.

After a while, the doctor said, “Alice, this handkerchief is of no use to you, and it must be very warm and unpleasant ; shall I take it off ?”

Her lips moved, and she tried to say, “Yes, sir,” but we could scarcely hear her.

It was taken off. Alice kept her eyes shut for a little time, and then opened them suddenly, and turning them first toward the window, looked slowly round the room, then shut them again without saying a word. She soon opened them, and looking toward the doctor, said, in a low, faltering voice, “.Doctor, is it night ?”

"No, my child, it is not more than four o'clock in the afternoon."

She was silent a minute, then said, "Is it cloudy?"

"No, Alice, the sun is shining brightly."

She was again still for a little while—the tears began to come into her eyes, and her lip quivered very much, as, speaking again, she said, "Are the windows shut?"

The doctor again answered her, "No, they are open and the sashes raised."

Poor Alice covered her eyes with her hands for a second; then stretching out her arms, and turning her head around, as if looking for some one, she cried mournfully, "Mother! mother! where are you?"

"Here, my own precious child," said Mrs. Scott, and, coming round to the side of the chair, she put her arms around her, and drew her head down upon her bosom.

Alice did not cry aloud, but her tears came fast, and her sobs were so deep, that it seemed as though her heart would break with this great sorrow.

The doctor said softly to Mrs. Scott, "Persuade her to go to bed as soon as you can," and then both he and I went out, for we knew her mother would be her best comforter.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER ! a soldier
I'm longing to be !
The name and the life
Of a soldier for me !
I would not be living
At ease and at play ;
True honour and glory
I'd win in my day.

A soldier ! a soldier
In armour array'd—
My weapons in hand—
Of no contest afraid ;
I'd ever be ready
To strike the first blow,
And to fight my good way
Through the ranks of the foe !

But then let me tell you—
No blood would I shed—
No victory seek o'er
The dying and dead.
A far braver soldier
Than this would I be—
A warrior of Truth
In the ranks of the Free !

With the Right for my helmet,
And Faith for my shield,
The sword of the Spirit
I'd learn how to wield:
And then against Evil
And Wrong would I fight,
Assured of the triumph
Because in the right.

A soldier! a soldier
Oh then let me be!
Young friends, I invite you—
Enlist now with me,
Our bands will be muster'd;
Our foes shall give way;
Let's up and be clad
In our battle array!

COMMON MERCIES.

A GENTLEMAN was once stopped in the streets of London by a stranger, who asked him, "Did you ever thank God for your reason?"

"I don't know that I ever did," the gentleman replied.

"Do it quickly, then," said the stranger, "for I have lost mine."

We are very liable to forget to thank God for his common mercies, whose greatness we can never duly estimate till we have experienced their loss. Did you ever thank God for eye-sight?

THE BROKEN GLASS.

ONE evening, not long since, I was sitting at the hour of twilight by a pleasant, bright fire. My little children were gathered round me and began to beg, as they usually do at that hour, for a story.

I had one ready for them, and told them of a little boy, who, while throwing his ball in his mother's parlour, broke a large looking-glass. He knew that he deserved punishment, and would probably receive it, as he had often been told not to toss his ball in the house; and as he stood thinking what he should do, it occurred to him that as no one saw him throw the ball, no one need know that he broke the glass; so, when questioned upon the subject, he denied any knowledge of the manner in which the glass was broken; and when questioned again, he denied again still more strongly.

I then asked the children what would have been the *right* thing for the little boy to do. All but one answered, "He ought to have told the truth at once;" but little Philip made no answer. "What do you think, my boy?" I asked of Philip. Still no reply. I took no more notice of him then, but finished my story, and ended by enjoining it upon them to tell the truth at all times. "No matter what you have done," said I, "confess it at once; and, if you are punished, depend upon it you will be a great

deal happier than if bearing about in your breast an unconfessed and unforgiven sin."

I then had occasion to leave the room for some minutes, and when I came back I found little Philip on the floor as if in great agony, and sobbing as if his heart would break, and the children all came running to me and asking, "Mother, what is the matter with Philly? He has been crying so ever since you went out, and will not tell us what ails him." I said, "What is the matter, my son?" No answer, but sobs and tears. "Are you sick?" "No, mother." "Are you hurt?" "No, mother." "Tell me what makes you cry, then?" But he only cried the more.

At length he got up, and laying his head on my shoulder, with hands before his face, while his tears fell over my dress, he said, sobbing and catching his breath between each word, "Mother—I—would—tell—you—if—I—could!"

I then took him into my own room, and said, "Come, my son, I cannot have this matter go on so any longer; you *must* tell me what it is. If you have done any thing wrong, tell me so at once." But he only sobbed out, "Oh, dear mother, I cannot do it."

I had never seen the child act so before, and began to be alarmed; so I took him on my lap, and told him that if he had done any thing wrong, he would be much happier if he told it at once. "Don't you remember," said I, "when you got a splinter in your hand the other day,

and you would not have it taken out because you thought it would pain you, how your hand festered and became very sore, and the longer the splinter was in your hand the sorer it became, till at length you suffered so that you determined you would have it out; and though it pained you more than if you had allowed me to take it out at first, yet in a moment you were relieved and free from pain? Just so it is," said I, "with the sin in your heart, Philip. There is something there rankling and festering, and yet you have not the courage to draw it out. It is harder to do it now than it was at first; but it will be still harder to-morrow than to-day. So speak up, my son, and tell mother what you have done. Have *you* broken any thing?" "Oh yes, mother." "Well, what was it?"

After some entreaty and a good many more tears, the story at length came out. It was, that he had that day taken a tumbler to the pump and broken it. No one saw him break it; and as he had been forbidden to take a tumbler to the pump, he knew he deserved to be punished for disobedience. So he determined to say nothing about it, and in the midst of his play had nearly forgotten it, until my story roused his slumbering conscience, and he began to see how wicked he had been.

Perhaps some of my young readers will say, "Only a tumbler! What a foolish boy to make so much ado about breaking a tumbler!" So it was only a tumbler broken—and yet did not Philip

sin against God? first, in disobeying the command of his mother, and then in endeavouring to hide his fault. And is *any sin against God* a light matter? Philip had broken one of God's commandments, and God says, "He that offends in one point, is guilty of all."

Let those who think Philip's sin a light matter try to remember what sins they have committed, small or great. Is there no disobedience to parents, no Sabbath-breaking, no profaneness, no deceit? And if you have been faithful in these things, can you not call up many an open sin against God's law, and many a neglected duty, any one of which, unforgiven, must destroy the soul? You can make no atonement to God for your sin; but there is One who has died that your sins may be forgiven. The only way in which you can ever be saved is by believing on him.

Perhaps you think he will not receive you now, even if you go to him; and that you must first go through a long season of distress and weeping, as people often do. True, those who see their sins and trust not in Christ for mercy, must remain in darkness and distress. They are like little Philip, who cried and mourned because he would not confess his sin; but as soon as he confessed it to his mother, and to God, he found peace. So it is with sinners. It is because they will not go to Christ that they are in distress and anguish. Jesus does not say to them. "Go and spend some weeks or

months in tears and sorrow, and then come to me;" but he says, "My son! My daughter! Give me thy heart!" "Now is the accepted time." Will you not do it now?

I WILL TRY.

"I WILL try," was the motto of Alice Merton. When her teacher gave a difficult sum in arithmetic, and asked her if she could do it, she always said, "I will try." And she did try, and usually succeeded. One time the teacher gave all the scholars some verses to commit to memory. Some said, "Oh, I can learn them easy enough;" while others said, "Oh dear, I shall never learn them." "Well, Alice, what do you think about it?" "I will try," was the simple response. The next day they were called to recite. Those who were so confident in their own success failed, and the rest did no better. At last it came to Alice. She repeated every verse without a single mistake. She received the approbation of her teacher, and the congratulations of her school-mates, who assured her they would adopt her motto.

Now, Alice was, by no means, quick at learning; but she applied herself closely, and became the best scholar in the school, and won, at the examination, a medal, upon which was engraved her favorite motto, "I will try." If all young

persons, instead of becoming discouraged at difficulties which constantly present themselves, would say, "*I will try*," they would generally overcome every obstacle.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

ONE cold winter, when the ground was so covered with snow that the little birds could not find any thing to eat, the little daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her, and asked her what she was going to do. She told him, and he said, "What good will it do? The crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds." "I know it, dear father," said she, "but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all."

The father thought a moment. He knew that many poor persons were suffering in the village, and he had refused to help any, because he could not help them all. His conscience struck him, and he told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread into crumbs for the birds, while he went to scatter loaves among the poor villagers.

ELDER WITHERS' YOUNG FOLKS.

FROM A COUNTRY PASTOR'S SKETCH-BOOK.

June 10, 18—. The venerable and universally beloved Reuben Withers has been gathered to his fathers to-day. I have been looking over the diary of former years, and find that he has filled a large space in it, and some of the most precious and some of the most painful entries that this old note-book contains are of him and his. When I came to this parish he was one of the most active men in it, although he was then among the fathers, and he has always seemed to me a patriarch, even when he wanted half a score of being three-score and ten.

He married later in life than most men do, and his family were young when his head was snow white. When I first settled here I was struck with the devotion that the brothers and sisters ever showed to each other. It seemed to me it must be as happy a household as the world often witnesses. Such a kind consideration of each other's feelings; such willingness to deny themselves for the sake of pleasing the rest; such universal regard for parental counsel, and desire to promote the general happiness, were rare virtues; and they gave me great pleasure as I studied them in the retirement of the old family mansion. Here it was that I learned what I often thought I knew before,

that happiness is not confined (even if ever found) in Wilton-carpeted saloons and Elizabethan sofas and arm-chairs. Since I knew the Withers' family I have seen something of the world, and have had the best means of forming a judgment as to the relative proportions of enjoyment in silks and in calico, in broadcloth and homespuns, and the conclusion is altogether in favour of the latter. I have some "rich relatives" in the city, and we exchange visits often enough to give me the opportunity of knowing how they live in town, and how much life is worth to those who spend it in brick walls, and get their pleasures made for them by all sorts of dealers in the arts and designs essential to fashionable existence. And I have found the need of that admirable precept of the apostle, to be content with our lot; not so much for myself, as for my friends, who, it seems to me, could not be contented with theirs if they knew how much more there is worth living for up here than down there. One winter evening with the Withers' family is more to be desired, in my humble judgment, than a whole life of what is called fashionable enjoyment in the metropolis. Yet was it no other than is seen and enjoyed in thousands of Christian families in the country, where intelligence and virtue shed the highest charms over the circle of warm and loving hearts, and parental fondness glows like a sun on the faces of a group of children, reflecting its beams in their smiles of gladness

and words of glee. Books were there, and they were well read. All that was going on in the great world was well known in that house, and the passing events of the day were the subject of sensible remark. The younger children were amusing themselves with some innocent and instructive games, while the more advanced were at their needles, and the grown-up lads made as much amusement as was meet with their incessant talk of what they had done or seen or heard, and what they would do when they came to be men. Some of the young folks of the neighbouring farms dropped in while they were thus engaged, and a new element of pleasure was thus infused, which readily mingled itself into the mass, and made the whole vastly more gay than before and less quiet. By-and-by, the heaping dish of apples came out in the hands of the eldest daughter, and nuts were cracked by the boys. The hickory fire and heaps of glowing coals invited the *spider*—an iron dish with a long handle and flat bottom—to be set on, and into it were thrown the grains of small red corn which was raised especially for this purpose, and when it was heated, another instrument, called a *slice*, being a flat shovel, used for removing bread from the oven, was ready heated in the fire and now laid over the spider; the heat thus suddenly brought to bear upon the top of the corn causes the mass to explode almost simultaneously, and the whole was soon *popped* into

beautiful white balls, which were emptied into a bowl, and the spider filled again for a repetition of the operation.

Now the costly and elegant dwellers in the up-town palaces of the metropolis would be quite shocked to witness this employment, or, more likely, pass it over as unworthy even of contempt; and it is probable that few of them are aware even of the existence of a state of society so barbarous as to tolerate such social practices as eating apples, and (save the word) *popping* corn! They have their amusements and pleasures that suit their tastes, and more fitly represent the inclinations of their minds. But for real, rational enjoyment give us the pure air—the broad landscape, the simple manners and the uncorrupted virtue of country life. None ever left the humble but hospitable home of Elder Withers without the conviction, that in the fear and service of God there is great present peace and pleasure, as well as the hope of everlasting life.



"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pain and toil?
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile,
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear,
As though it were my own;
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And, as myself, my neighbour love?

Must I reprove his sin?
Must I partake his grief?
And kindly enter in,
And minister relief—
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him, not in word, but deed?

Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A student let me be;
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of thee:
For thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man!

Oh, make me as thou art,
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow—
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's wo ;
That thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

LETTER TO A LITTLE GIRL.

THE following pleasing letter was addressed by William Wirt to his daughter, eight years of age.

RICHMOND, Sept. 13, 1811.

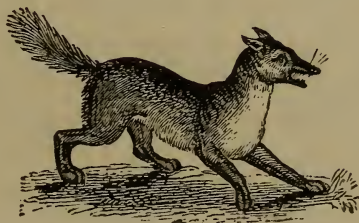
My dear Laura—I would have answered your letter sooner, but that my courts and my clients hardly leave me time to write to your dear mother, to whom, of all other earthly creatures, you and I owe our first duties. But I have not loved you the less for not writing to you ; on the contrary, I have been thinking of you with the greatest affection, and praying for you on my bended knees, night and morning, humbly begging of God that he would bless you with health and happiness, and make you an ornament to your sex, and a blessing to your parents. But we must not be like the man that prayed to Hercules to help his wagon out of the mud, and was too lazy to try to help himself. No, we must be thoughtful ; try our very

best to learn our books, and to be good ; and then, if we call upon our Father in heaven, he will help us. I am very glad your Latin grammar is becoming easier to you. It will be more and more so, the more you give your whole mind to it. God has been very kind in blessing you with a sound understanding ; and it would be sinful in you to neglect such a great blessing, and suffer your mind to go to ruin, instead of improving it by study, and making it beautiful, as well as useful, to yourself and others. It would be almost as bad as it would be for uncle Cabell to be so lazy himself, and to suffer his labourers to be so lazy, as to let his rich low grounds run up all in weeds, instead of corn, and so have no bread to give his family, and let them all starve and die. Now your mind is as rich as uncle Cabell's low grounds, and all that your mother and father ask of you is, that you will not be so idle as to let it run to weeds, but that you will be industrious and studious, and so your mind will bring a fine crop of fruits and flowers. Suppose there was a nest-full of beautiful young birds, so young that they could not fly and help themselves, and they were opening their little mouths and crying for something to eat and drink, and their parents would not bring them any thing, but were to let them cry on from morning till night, till they starved and died, would they not be very wicked parents ? Now, your mind is this nest-full of beautiful little singing birds ; much

more beautiful and melodious than any canary-birds in the world; and there sits fancy, and reason, and memory, and judgment; all with their little heads thrust forward out of the nest, and crying as hard as they can for something to eat and drink. Will you not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning, the only kind of meat and drink they love, and without which those sweet little songsters must, in a few years, hang their heads and die? Nay, will you not do your very best to help your father and mother to feed them, that they may grow up, get a full suit of fine glossy feathers, and cheer the house with their songs? And, moreover, would it not be very wrong to feed some of them only, and let the rest starve? You are very fond, when you get a new story-book, of running through it as fast as you can, just for the sake of knowing what happened to this one and that one. In doing this, you are only feeding one of the four birds I have mentioned—that is, fancy, which, to be sure, is the loudest singer among them, and will please you most while you are young. But while you are thus feeding and stuffing fancy—reason, memory, and judgment are starving; and yet, by-and-by, you will think their notes much softer and sweeter than those of fancy, although not so loud, and wild, and varied. Therefore you ought to feed those other birds, too. They eat a great deal slower than fancy; they require the grains to be

pounded in a mortar before they can get any food from them. That is, when you read a pretty story, you must not gallop over it as fast as you can, just to learn what happened; but you must stop every now and then, and consider why one of the persons you are reading of is so much beloved, and another so much hated. This sort of consideration pounds the grains in a mortar, and feeds reason and judgment. Then you must determine that you will not forget that story, but that you will try to remember every part of it, that you may shape your own conduct by it; doing those good actions which the story has told you will make people love you, and avoiding those evil ones which you find will make them hate you. This is feeding memory and judgment both at once. Memory, too, is remarkably fond of a *tit-bit* of Latin grammar; and, though the food is hard to come at, yet the sweet little bird must not starve. The rest of them could do nothing without her; for, if she was to die, they would never sing again, at least not so sweetly. Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM WIRT.



HARD READING.

"I WOULD not read such a hard book," said John S—— to David A——. "I read easy books."

"But father says this will improve my mind more than any of the story-books," said David.

"It is not interesting, is it?"

"It grows interesting the more I read it. I think I shall like it very much."

"I tried to read a book a good deal like that, and it was not at all interesting. I could not keep my mind upon it at all. When I got to the bottom of the page, I could not tell what I had been reading about. I want a book to be so interesting that I cannot think of any thing else till I get through with it."

"Father says, that if my attention wanders when I am reading, I must go back and read over again the portion that I do not recollect. I have read some of the pages of this book a great many times before I could keep my attention fixed upon the thoughts contained in them."

"I do not wish to take so much trouble when I read. It makes it too hard work."

The book that David was reading when John spoke to him as above noticed, was Watts on the Mind—a book which contains a great many

judicious rules for mental culture. David's father had given it to his son, and requested him to read it carefully. There are too many young persons, who, like John, read only for amusement. They seldom derive much benefit from reading. Books which were written merely to amuse should be avoided. No man who loves the young will write with no higher object than to afford amusement. He will aim to communicate useful knowledge, to illustrate valuable truth, or to awaken pure and lofty feelings within the youthful breast.

The young must read books on subjects which cannot be made interesting, that is, after the manner required by John. Grave works on history, and on subjects requiring reasoning, must be read, if we would have strong and well-disciplined minds. Those who read only for amusement will have feeble minds. Those who read, thoroughly, works which compel them to fix the attention and exercise their understanding to grasp the meaning of the author, will have strong minds. Robert Hall, before he was nine years old, read some of the profoundest works of the great Jonathan Edwards.

Children should ask their parents or teachers to select for them such books as are best adapted to promote the growth of the mind.

THE END.



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